

The Saturday Review

No. 2090, Vol. 80.

16 November, 1895.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
CHRONICLE	641	Life Insurance as an Investment.—XVI.: Fire and Life .	652	A Lent in London	660
LEADING ARTICLES:		Money Matters: The Barnato "Bank"; Bogus Company Promoters	653	An Essay in Philosophical History	660
The Eastern Situation	644	Correspondence:		A Chronicle of Small Beer	661
Mr. Gerald Balfour's Opportunity	644	A Professor on Examinations. By Walter Wren	655	Fiction	661
Our Future War Office	645	Manchurian Railways. By R. S. Gundry	656	New Science-Books	662
SPECIAL ARTICLES:		American View of the Monroe Doctrine. By W. H. Babcock .	656	New Books and Reprints	663
Ras Doura. By R. B. Cunningham-Graham	646	REVIEWS:		Literary Notes	664
About Models (Apropos of Trilby). By Albert D. Vandam	648	Gold from a Poet's Treasury	657	SUPPLEMENT:	
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		One Cheer More!	658	A Pressman's Prattle	637
Mottl Again. By J. F. R.	649	Book-hunting	659	Britain and Her Rivals	638
The Case for the Critic-Dramatist. By G. B. S.	650			M. de Montesquieu's Verse	638
				Travel and Touring	639
				Fiction	640
				ADVERTISEMENTS	664-672

(A Supplement will be issued with the next number.)

CHRONICLE.

WHATEVER may be thought or said of Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall on Saturday evening last week, it is certain that its effect has been extraordinarily widespread and beneficial. It has re-established public confidence on the principal European Exchanges, and it has made his own countrymen feel that anything that has been lost by British diplomacy in the past may be regained by British diplomacy in the not distant future. It was generally felt, however, and the "Times," with rare independence, made itself the mouthpiece of this feeling, that Lord Salisbury underrated the difficulties which British diplomacy will have to overcome in the Farther East. "Our prestige and our commercial interests," as the "Times" puts it, have both suffered in the diplomatic campaign which followed the late war. Lord Salisbury seems to have been astonished by "the extraordinary sensation" which was produced by the famous Hong Kong telegram; he thinks "we foreshorten time and distance." But that is surely a good fault, when both our prestige and our interests are at stake.

While this part of Lord Salisbury's speech was subjected, we think deservedly, to a certain amount of criticism, all that he said about the Sultan and Armenia was received with enthusiasm. And this attitude of approbation has survived a period of calm reflection. We attribute the public approval to the fact that Lord Salisbury, for perhaps the first time in his life, took a high ethical position in speaking of matters of public policy. "Above all treaties and above all combinations of external powers, 'the nature of things,' if you please, or 'the providence of God,' if you please to put it so, has determined that persistent and constant misgovernment must lead the Government which follows it to its doom." This is the sort of lofty generalization which made Mr. Gladstone so popular, and we confess that it pleases us better than the talk of "foreshortening," which is not calculated either to console or reassure.

When Lord Salisbury left the high ground of ethics and went on to declare that "the Powers are thoroughly resolved to act together upon everything that concerns the Ottoman Empire," that the concert of Europe was perfect, and that he saw no prospect that any one Power would "try to settle the matter in its own manner," his audience responded with rounds of cheers to what seemed a business-like statement. The next day the papers agreed that these declarations were highly reassuring and praised Lord Salisbury for tact and judgment. We do not say that he did not deserve these eulogies and even more, but we must point out that this part of his speech does not seem to us to

have deserved the praise it received. If we mistake not, Lord Salisbury ran into a curious discrepancy with his own reassuring phrases. He told about the demands of the three Ambassadors in May, and then went on to acknowledge that he did "in conversation . . . a substitute for the demands of the three Ambassadors." And if Lord Salisbury did this, perhaps the Russian Ambassador did it also; but if only one Power did it, what becomes of his statement that no Power would try "to settle the matter in its own manner"? Again, Lord Salisbury asserted that "the demands of the three Ambassadors in May last have been substantially accepted by the Sultan"; and explicitly, he repeats, "he [the Sultan] gave us all we wanted." But if this be so, what becomes of the phrase that "persistent and constant misgovernment must lead the Government which follows it to its doom"? Is it wise then to admonish a ruler who grants all our demands? We must confess that this speech of Lord Salisbury has puzzled us, and yet its effect has been beneficial and reassuring. Perhaps the public wanted to be reassured.

In his short speech at the Guildhall banquet, the Lord Chief Justice glanced obliquely and good-humouredly at an article which appeared in our columns on the superannuation of the Judges. We are delighted to learn from so high an authority that our criticisms of the bench have, partially at all events, attained their end, and that before another year has passed some of the older Judges will retire. But we must repeat our conviction that the retirement of highly paid public servants, whose efficiency must largely be a question of their age, ought not to depend upon their own pleasure, or the pressure of public opinion, but should be regulated by statute, as in the case of the Army, Navy, and Civil Service. We quite agree with Lord Russell that critics should bring to their task "some adequate knowledge of the subject," and we are rejoiced that so high an authority finds no fault with our facts. But when he tells us that "the Judges have to be silent listeners" to our criticism, he astounds us. Mr. Justice Hawkins constantly replies from the bench to Press criticism, and the Lord Chief Justice himself is a standing refutation of the assertion.

"Success," said Gordon in his diary, "makes men hard on their fellows; misfortune softens them." Mr. Chamberlain has been the most successful of men, and he is rather hard on the applicants for colonial appointments. Of course it is true, in a sense, that the gentlemen who apply to him for posts in the colonial service have "failed in other walks of life," because a man does not exchange London for exile and fourth-rate colonial society at a mature age, unless he has failed to get on here. But the whole of Mr. Chamberlain's speech at the Imperial Institute was in wretched taste. It is extraordi-

rary how so clever a man can be guilty of such *gaucherie*, and it reminds us of the celebrated occasion when Mr. Chamberlain pronounced a funeral eulogy on John Bright, and with tears in his voice informed the House of Commons that the great tribune was fond of cats, and had frequently had his election expenses paid.

Mr. Chamberlain, of all men, should remember that it was largely owing to the votes and exertions of the very "failures" he sneers at, that he is in the position to dispense the lucrative patronage, which he apparently reserves for Liberal Unionists. His gibe at colonial candidates was not the only infelicitous stroke of a singularly tackless speech. Mr. Chamberlain enumerated the qualifications of a colonial Governor: "such a man ought to have high character and good social standing. He should have a large experience of affairs; he should have tact and discretion, exceptional intelligence, and an attractive personality." And he then proceeded to toast the health of Colonel Gerard Smith, whom he had just appointed to be Governor of West Australia. Colonel Smith may have an attractive personality; but that he has a large experience of affairs, or exceptional intelligence, we take the liberty of doubting, for he has never been heard of before in English public life. But he is a Liberal Unionist, and, as Dr. Johnson would say, "there's an end on't."

The correspondence between the Colonial Office and the Government of South Australia anent the salary of the Governor strikes us as being extremely discreditable to the colony. Lord Kintore took his six months' leave, and according to the rule of the service divided his salary for that period with the Acting Governor, whom he left in his place. The colony coolly asked him to give up his share of the salary when he was on leave. Upon his refusal, the colony then asked the Secretary of State to suspend temporarily the appointment of his successor, on the ground that the colony could not afford to pay a Governor. Finally, after an undignified correspondence with the Colonial Secretary, the colony has reduced a salary of £5000 a year and £2500 a year allowances to £4000 a year and £500 a year allowances. This compels the Governor to pay his private secretary and aide-de-camp out of his salary. But the South Australians proceeded unjustifiably to demand that the Governor should appoint his private secretary and aide-de-camp from gentlemen in the colony. Even Lord Ripon demurred to this, as he did to the niggardly proposal that the Governor should pay for the cost of official telegrams out of his privy purse. The colonies cannot expect to get peers to govern them on such terms as these. We hope Sir Thomas Powell Buxton will like South Australia, and that Mr. Kingston and his colleagues will relish a saintly Governor, on a reduced allowance, who objects to balls and races.

Sir John Gorst's speech on Wednesday was most interesting. The Vice-President of the Council is practically the Minister of Education, and Sir John Gorst quickly showed that he had realized all the responsibilities of the office. He is in such close touch with modern sentiment that we have nothing but commendation for what he said. We learn from him that the Government is about to raise the age of full and half-timers, and to "abolish the system of standard exemptions, which picks out the most promising children to be the earliest sacrificed to child labour." The mere phrasing of this fact shows that Sir John Gorst has the root of the matter in him. This is the spirit which we all wish to see adopted in regard to the education of the little ones. And when he reached the larger, thornier question of whether Board schools are to be assisted by the State to kill out the Voluntary schools, Sir John Gorst pronounced himself definitely in favour of Voluntary schools. He said: "We have to devise the means by which Voluntary schools in town and country can be maintained at the highest possible pitch of efficiency, and by which religious devotion can be made available for the advancement of national education."

On the very day when Sir John Gorst made this

declaration on behalf of the Government Lord Salisbury received a memorial on the same subject, signed by Cardinal Vaughan and the Duke of Norfolk. In this document the Catholic leaders insist upon the necessity of "such a revision in the education laws as may at last establish a national system of public elementary education which shall be just to all. It should (1) pay alike out of the public funds all elementary schools, satisfying the Education Department, for the secular education given to the people; and it should (2) frankly recognize the right and duty of parents to have their children educated in schools of their own religion, without thereby incurring, as they incur at present, privation and pecuniary penalty." The wisdom and justice of these two propositions will, we imagine, scarcely be disputed, although the language leaves something to be desired. We agree with Cardinal Vaughan and the Duke of Norfolk that the rights of the parents over the religious education of the children are "sacred and inalienable," and we believe that the time has come to remove the disabilities under which Voluntary schools have so long laboured. The Voluntary schools must be treated fairly, were it only in the interests of the general body of ratepayers.

The modern Irish Nationalists get their political methods as well as their financial support from America. The proceedings at Dublin this week must be more or less unintelligible to Englishmen, but every American would recognize at once their curious likeness to the routine performances of Tammany Hall. The relentless malignity of personal hatreds, the calm indifference to such abstractions as truthfulness, decency, fair-play and the rest, and the open employment of paid mercenaries to vote down popularly elected delegates, are all characteristic of struggles between rival American "bosses" for control of "the machine." The native American is fond of assuming that the Irish-Americans are responsible for these venal and savage phases of his politics, but that is hardly the case. The Irish immigrants were merely swift in adapting themselves to the conditions of partisan warfare which they found prevalent in their new home. Having an inborn talent for politics, it was only natural that they should become specialists in the business, and develop it on improved Hibernian lines. Mr. Parnell took a leaf here and there out of their book. The degenerate organization of which Mr. McCarthy is the figure-head has become a mere cheap edition of Tammany Hall. Mr. Tim Healy will not be a less interesting figure in his capacity as a free-lance. Although it no doubt served his purpose to resist expulsion to the last, he really ought to be grateful to his enemies for having turned him out, for his genius is strictly of the Ishmaelite order.

The 259th anniversary of the birth of Edward Colston, the philanthropist, was commemorated in his native city of Bristol on Wednesday last by the various societies established for the purpose of perpetuating his memory and emulating his benevolence. The Dolphin (Conservative) Society invited Sir Michael Hicks Beach to improve the occasion and increase their fervour by a political speech, and the Anchor (Liberal) Society could not do less than get Mr. Asquith down to cheer their drooping spirits. The Dolphin seems to us the better Society of the two. It has relieved more than 1500 aged and indigent persons during the last year, while keeping sixty apprentices and providing various annuities. The Anchor Society appears to be an altogether smaller affair, contenting itself with supporting fifty-five annuitants; and yet we are compelled reluctantly to admit that the speech of Mr. Asquith to the smaller Society was very much more interesting than the speech of Sir Michael Hicks Beach to the larger Society.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach took more than an hour to tell his hearers that the Budget would probably show a large surplus, and that out of this surplus some "palliatives" would be administered to agriculture. He promised to change certain things in which agriculture "is unfairly dealt with as compared with other interests of the country." Sir Michael Hicks Beach evidently referred to the pressure of the local rates. By a curious

coincidence Mr. Asquith discussed this very question at greater length. He showed that the poor-rate and highway-rate were substantially less now than at the time when protection was abolished; that in respect to the poor-rate particularly, which is the most important of the rates upon rural land, "the net burden is not much more than one half of what it was in 1846. Since that date new rates have been imposed—the rural sanitary rate and the school rate—but these rates" do not count in England and Wales for more than fourpence in the pound. Taking into consideration the large subventions from the Imperial Exchequer to the relief of local rates, Mr. Asquith asserts that the possible "palliatives" resulting from an equitable re-adjustment of the whole burden of taxation "would make practically the most insignificant difference" to the agriculturist.

Mr. Gladstone once observed to a Conservative Member, with whom he was chatting, that the Tories seemed to him to persistently undervalue Sir Michael Hicks Beach. "He is, in my opinion," said Mr. Gladstone, in his deep tones, "one of the best leaders of the House of Commons whom I have known." And, in truth, Sir Michael Hicks Beach has been rather unceremoniously treated by the Conservatives, for, having been made leader of the House after Sir Stafford Northcote's elevation to the peerage, he was pushed on one side after the election in 1886 to make way for Lord Randolph Churchill; and when he resigned, the leadership was given, first to Mr. W. H. Smith and then to Mr. Balfour. It is true that at the time of Lord Randolph's resignation Sir Michael Hicks Beach's health was not good, and his eyesight gave him trouble. It is not to his health, however, but to his temper that Sir Michael owes his deprivation of the leadership.

Mr. Gladstone was quite right; Sir Michael Hicks Beach did lead the House of Commons very well; but he did not, and never could, lead his own party. There is possibly no Minister who is so secretly, but cordially, disliked as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and for a very simple reason; while he is courtesy itself to his opponents, he is contemptuously rude to his own party, because he thinks their only business is to support him. He is the pink of politeness when on his legs in the House: it is only in the privacy of the lobbies that he lets you see that he regards criticism as an impertinence. He is a clear, cold, logical speaker, seldom attempting eloquence, and failing when he does; but he has excellent judgment. In January, 1886, when Lord Randolph Churchill was Secretary of State for India, Mr. Gladstone attacked him in the debate on the address for spending money on the Burmese War without obtaining the previous sanction of Parliament. "By Gad, I have the old man on toast," whispered Churchill to Hicks Beach, "he has done the same thing himself. Shall I give it him now, or wait till I introduce my financial resolution?" "Give it him now," answered Sir Michael, "you may never move your resolution." The very next night the Conservative Government was turned out by "a certain Mr. Jesse Collings."

We find it difficult to sympathize with the feelings which induced Lord Dunraven to publish the extraordinary statement concerning the America Cup races which appeared in the "Times" of Saturday, 9 November. In connection with the load water-line he makes what is practically a charge of cheating against Defender's captain and crew, if not against Defender's owners, and in this connection he accuses the Cup Committee of negligence or carelessness, which in the result amounted to connivance in the fraud. No more serious accusations could possibly be made, and Lord Dunraven makes them with circumstantial care. He declares that before the race was started he "stated the whole case" to Mr. Latham Fish, the member of the New York Yacht Club Committee, who was on board Valkyrie as Defender's representative, that he told Mr. Fish he was positively certain that Defender was sailing at least a foot beyond her proper length, and that he requested Mr. Fish "to take the earliest opportunity of mentioning the matter to the Committee." Lord Dunraven goes on: "Mr. Fish asked me what

suggestions I could make, and I replied to the effect that I wished the Committee to put one of their members, or some reliable representative, on board of each yacht immediately after the race, and to have both vessels re-measured if possible that evening. If that were impossible, then that the members of the Committee, or their representatives, should stay on board in charge of the vessels until they were measured. . . . I put Mr. Fish on board the Committee-boat immediately after the race. . . . No members or representatives of the Committee were placed in charge pending re-measurement as I had requested. . . . Both yachts were measured on the following day, Sunday afternoon, when their L.W.L. level was found to be practically the same as when measured on the Friday previous; but, obviously, that fact affords no proof that either or both of them had not exceeded their measured length when sailing on Saturday."

It is futile to attempt to meet such a charge as this by asserting, as some people in New York assert (according to the "Times" correspondent), that it would take sixteen tons to sink Defender four inches, and so increase her length by a foot; still more absurd is it to declare, as some Americans (again according to the "Times" correspondent) declare, that to sink Defender in this way would be to diminish her speed. Even if these statements were true—and the last assertion is distinctly improbable—they constitute no answer to Lord Dunraven's charge. There can be no doubt that had an American owner made such an accusation to a member of the committee of any British yacht club in regard to any British vessel, the British committee would have taken the matter most seriously, and would have acceded at once to the American's request for an immediate re-measurement under impartial supervision. The matter is so plain; the duty of the Committee is so imperative, that we find it almost impossible to accept Lord Dunraven's statement of the case. The dispute will, of course, soon be settled. The New York Yacht Club have called a meeting for Monday next, and we shall soon have their answer to this unprovable, and therefore unadvised, charge.

But in the meantime it seems to us probable that the mistake will be found to lie between Lord Dunraven and Mr. Fish. Perhaps Lord Dunraven did not make his charge so definitely and so gravely as it now stands when written, or perhaps Mr. Fish did not taken the charge so seriously as it was meant; he may have contented himself with telling the Committee that Lord Dunraven wished the yachts re-measured while suppressing what he would no doubt regard as Lord Dunraven's very disagreeable request for invidious precautions. But wherever the fault may be found to lie, we feel certain that the New York Committee will deal with the matter fairly and honourably. We must confess that neither the matter nor the manner of Lord Dunraven's statement inclines us in his favour. He surely ought not to have mixed up serious charges of bad faith and fraud with a complacent expression of his belief that on various points of sailing his yacht Valkyrie was superior to the American Defender. There is in especial one assertion in his statement which seems to show that he is incapable of impartiality. In regard to the hindrance by the accompanying steamers he says: "I can only say that whereas the ship which was behind on the first day got much the worst of the wash, the ship which was in front got much the worst of it on the second day." In other words, he asks us to believe that the captains of 500 competing excursion steamers entered into some sort of conspiracy to give their wash to Valkyrie rather than to Defender, or that these captains and their passengers were not desirous of accompanying the winning boat, as is usually the case in all races, but were simply resolved to accompany Valkyrie in preference to their own sloop. Neither proposition seems to us to be for a moment credible. Had the Prince of Wales been on board Valkyrie, and had Valkyrie been winning, at least half the Americans present would have naturally preferred to be near Defender—their own vessel.

THE EASTERN SITUATION.

LORD SALISBURY, in his Guildhall speech, addressed the largest and most deeply interested audience which, perhaps, any responsible statesman has ever spoken to. There were persons eagerly awaiting his words in every town of Europe, and, indeed, of the civilized world. All the events of a troubled week, in which each succeeding day assailed the nerves of men already distraught with the difficulties of an ugly financial situation with fresh threats of coming war, had combined to invest his appearance at the historic City banquet with exceptional and dramatic importance. The anxious silence and the grave faces of the Lord Mayor's guests when England's Prime Minister rose to his feet reflected the nervous hope of all the nations of the earth for something reassuring. Lord Salisbury seems to have been touched by the consciousness of this universal solicitude. He put aside the temptation, always so strong within him, to say smart things, and devoted himself patiently to the task of discouraging apprehensions and calming the perturbed public mind. He did it admirably. No one could have imagined that he possessed such a satisfactory bedside manner.

But what do his benevolently meant assurances exactly come to? The six Powers are—or, rather, were a week ago—acting in some sort of accord at Constantinople. That is, or was, undoubtedly a thing to be grateful for. It was in Lord Salisbury's power to communicate this information, and the comments of the entire European Press show how welcome it was. But, notwithstanding the resources at the command of Downing Street, it is not in his power to promise that this accord will be in existence next week or next month. He can speak with authority about nothing but the immediate present. What he says of the future can represent at best only a pious hope.

The complication in the Levant is from every point of view a most difficult one. So far as England's own interests are concerned, we are in an altogether better position than we were a month ago. Then we were acting the fool's part, to the dismay of our well-wishers and the indifferently dissembled joy of our rivals and foes. Now that at least has come to an end. We have escaped from our isolation, and have succeeded in associating our friends with us in the enterprise to which we stand committed. It is a comforting thing to know that we are no longer alone, but this knowledge does not help us to see much further into the millstone than before. If we assume, for the sake of argument, that the Sultan will forthwith submit to the pressure of the six Powers, the question at once arises why he did not months ago yield to the representations of the three Powers, which for all practical purposes represented quite as adequate a coercive force. The obvious answer is that he found reasons to believe that Russia and France were not acting in sincere concert with England. The result justifies his conviction that at least they would not proceed together to the point of common action. We may take it now as demonstrated that this was the position of affairs a month ago. The Franco-Russian combination at Constantinople in October had aims which clashed with those of Great Britain. Have these aims ceased to exist in November? The advent of the Triple Alliance upon the scene has, of course, altered the relative balance of the parties involved, but that it has in any way transformed the nature of the issues at stake we cannot see.

It may well be credited that the Governments of the six great Powers are all equally anxious to avoid actual war. The thought of a European conflict has been worked up by modern chemistry and metallurgical science into a bogey which appals every one, the strong and the weak alike. But the problem set before these Powers contains an abnormal and wholly eccentric element, the force of which can be neither estimated nor controlled. The Ottoman Empire seems to have gone mad. From the innermost mysterious recesses of the Sultan's palace, away out to the remotest corners of desert or mountain frontier, everything is fantastic, topsy-turvy, incomprehensible to the Western mind. The Turk has these periodical outbursts of unintelligible agitation, in which the so-called Christian, living with him in a queer sort of state, half slave, half master,

catches the contagion of his fury, and the two turn their habitation into a temporary pandemonium. But this present outbreak is much worse than anything that has gone before. The dynastic and political upheaval at Constantinople in 1876, out of which General Ignatieff and his Pan-Slavist friends contrived the Russo-Turkish war, was a mere local flurry compared with the strange ferment now brewing throughout the Sultan's dominions. It is difficult to find grounds for the hope that the disorder will check itself. Indeed, after the experience of the past year, it may be questioned whether such a hope deserves to be entertained. The Turk as a ruler of other people, and for that matter of himself, has become a nuisance which Europe is warranted in feeling to be intolerable. This latest and crowning manifestation of his impossibility has sufficed to convince every one. The hasty gathering of armed squadrons in the Levant would seem to indicate that the popular view is also the official. Apparently the last days of the Turkish Empire are at hand.

But an agreement of the six Powers upon the proposition that what is left of the estate of the Osmanli conquerors should be taken over and administered in the interests of civilization, can be regarded only as a preliminary step. At every further move, the embarrassments surrounding the whole business must increase. It would be pleasant to be able to believe in a permanent European concert, intent upon nothing but a righteous and strictly impartial reclamation of the Turk's wasted and debauched inheritance, for the general good. But we do not understand that the Powers collectively maintain nearly three millions of armed men in a state of hourly readiness for war from altogether altruistic motives. Still less is it apparent to us why people should suppose that intrigue, venality, and treacherous conspiracy will disappear from Constantinople politics at the mere spectacle of six Ambassadors sitting round M. Cambon's table instead of three.

MR. GERALD BALFOUR'S OPPORTUNITY.

WE must confess to having followed with but languid interest the record of the week's faction-fight in Dublin. The whole thing lacks both novelty and importance. Whichever faction may ultimately succeed in capturing the "machine"—whether the surviving remnant is to be called Dillonite, Healyite, Sextonite, or what not—the only fact of moment is that, as a serious political force, the Irish Parliamentary party has ceased to exist. It has in its time provided us with a good deal of interesting newspaper reading, and has even had its tragic moments; but, on the whole, it has been singularly barren of results. To have carried out an agrarian revolution in Ireland and a parliamentary revolution at Westminster is a great achievement, which secures a certain immortality for Mr. Parnell; but there his work ends, and the collapse that has followed his disappearance from the scene was, after all, only the inevitable—slightly hastened. In the future, as in the past, there will be Irish groups, with which politicians in need of votes will have transactions; but there will be no Irish party, whose leader can dictate his terms as Mr. Parnell did to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden just ten years ago.

But we have no wish to indulge in cheap glorification of ourselves and our statesmanship at the expense of Ireland. As has happened so often before, England has escaped a danger by good luck rather than by good guidance, and we only refer to the *débâcle* in Rutland Square in order to remind the Irish Government that the politicians' extremity is Ireland's opportunity. And Ireland in this case means Mr. Gerald Balfour. Already the officials in Dublin, after thanking Heaven that they are well rid of the rogues, are preparing to go comfortably asleep for another ten years or so, till they are once more rudely awakened in the usual fashion. But Mr. Gerald Balfour is not, we fancy, altogether of the official type—as yet. He may have in him the making of a statesman, or he may not. We prophesy nothing, because we have nothing much to judge him by. He is confronted by a great opportunity, without experience, it is true, but also without any embarrassing past, without pledges, or alliances, or even prejudices; for it has not been recorded that he ever made a speech or wrote an article on Ireland. All this is in his favour, and, taken together

with the collapse of the Parliamentary party, constitutes his great opportunity. What will he do with it? He can take the advice and the orders of all the parties and groups and sections, and ignore them singly or collectively as it pleases him, for he is the master of many legions; he can count on steady support in the Cabinet, for in the inner circle he will have at least three all-powerful friends. There will be a surplus such as must soften the heart even of a Chancellor of the Exchequer; and as for the House of Commons and the country, the man who for the next five years attempts to start an Irish debate of the old sort will be looked on as an enemy of his kind. For the first time since the sixties we have a Chief Secretary with a free hand—free alike from the interference of friends and of enemies. There is no post like it in any constitutional State. Whatever happens Mr. Gerald Balfour will have for his declining years what Prince Bismarck promised to Prince Alexander of Bulgaria—an interesting reminiscence.

When we say that Mr. Balfour can afford to ignore the advice or the orders of all parties in Ireland, we do not mean merely that he can trample on his enemies and exalt his friends. We mean, literally, that he can give Ireland an impartial Government. The Landlords' Convention and the Presbyterian General Assembly are bodies worthy of every respect; but if Mr. Balfour were to constitute himself the organ of either, he would be committing as great a blunder as did Mr. John Morley when he placed himself at the disposition of the National Federation; and with less excuse, for he is a free man, whereas poor Mr. Morley was a bond-slave, bought and paid for by his masters. We mention the landlords and the Presbyterians, not because we anticipate from them any unreasonable demands, but because the land and religion are the two Irish questions, and they are matters on which the great agrarian and ecclesiastical organizations have strong feelings and strong prejudices. It is quite natural that it should be so; but these organizations cannot be expected to be impartial, and their opinions and advice are to be taken with reservation. Mr. Morley came to grief on the problems of land and religion, and so will Mr. Gerald Balfour if he allows himself to become a partisan or a doctrinaire. Nineteenth of the evils of Ireland since the Union have either arisen from or been accentuated by the fact that the policy of a strong man was checked and distorted by the folly of a king. Mr. Pitt had, however, only one king to deal with; the modern statesman has several millions. Mr. Balfour's good fortune is that our modern monarchs are thinking of anything rather than thwarting his policy in Ireland.

Has he got one? Is he prepared to do one or two courageous things even at the cost of some temporary abuse from his own side? As regards the land question, at any rate, he should have no hesitation. The appointment of roving commissions of rent-fixers may have been a necessary evil in 1881, but they are, by common consent, expensive, slow, inefficient, and demoralizing to both landlord and tenant. A system under which it is to the interest of the cultivator to allow his holding to depreciate in value in view of an approaching revision of rent, needs no comment; yet the Land Department in Ireland seems to have no more hopeful idea than to perpetuate this scandal and to shorten the term of the judicial lease! Some man must control the land, and if the landlord is to be shorn of all his power, then by all means let it be transferred at a fair price to the tenant. Many thousands of tenants have already, under the Ashbourne Acts, been turned into absolute owners, and the purchase-money, to the amount of over ten million pounds, is guaranteed by the State. Thirty millions more are ready and could be applied for under Mr. Arthur Balfour's Act, but the machinery of that Act was elaborated to such a degree of complexity that it has never really been got to work at all. Experience has shown that half the safeguards and counterchecks then invented are useless. Let Mr. Gerald Balfour boldly ignore the hair-splitting of the legal pundits; let him simplify the machinery, and perhaps, with the assistance of the Treasury, oil it a little more freely. If he leaves Ireland with two hundred thousand peasants owning their own land, he will have provided a better "garrison" than any ever imported by King James or Cromwell.

As for the religious question, which means the education question, there is greater difficulty, for it is easier to deal with a material grievance than with one that is mainly sentimental; but if the Church of the vast majority of the people desires to have the same control over the education of the people that the Church of the majority has in England and in Scotland, we are at a loss to find arguments against the claim. There must be no tampering with Trinity College, no diluting of the strong wine to suit weak stomachs; but if it is a question of making the same grant to a Catholic University College as is made to the Queen's Colleges, or of the same recognition being accorded to the Christian Brothers' schools as to the National schools, how can a Chief Secretary refuse? There may be storms in local teacups: politicians and preachers may call on high Heaven to smite the audacious one who dares to do what he thinks right; but the country at large will approve. Undoubtedly Mr. Gerald Balfour has his opportunity.

OUR FUTURE WAR OFFICE.

THE meetings which have been held at the War Office during the last few weeks have been deciding, only provisionally we hope, some of the most important and some of the most difficult questions which concern the future of the British Empire. The "Times" has been publishing with regard to them a second series of letters by "Vetus," of which the first series were collected in a volume (published by Cassell & Co.) two years ago, and the "Times" has itself endorsed the views of this writer. Mr. Spenser Wilkinson has published (through Archibald Constable & Co.) a new edition of his "The Brain of an Army," with a Preface in which he also discusses the same topics.

On 22 March 1890 we reviewed the first edition of Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's book, which we highly praised as a work showing how unity of purpose in army matters need not necessarily be incompatible with a decentralized system of administration. In his present Preface, and in an important letter from Lord Roberts which it contains, the general principles which Mr. Spenser Wilkinson had drawn from the German system are applied to our own needs; and the chamber studies of Mr. Wilkinson are rendered the more interesting in that his present or modified conclusions are endorsed by an experienced soldier.

Mr. Balfour, on behalf of the Government, in defending at the end of the short session their scheme for the future of the War Office, assumed that those who failed to agree with it, and who feared that responsibility would be lost in a multiplicity of Boards, were supporters of the older British system, and opposed to reform. "Vetus" and the "Times" are reformers in their way, but, except on a detail to which we will presently refer, they agree in the Government scheme. We have, then, a concurrence of the two Front Benches, and, generally speaking, also of the "Times," in a plan for the future management of our army, which is opposed not only by Lord Roberts and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, but, according to "Senex," who has admirably answered "Vetus" in the "Times," and in the November number of the "United Service Magazine," by almost all competent soldiers. We cannot but take sides with Lord Roberts and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, and "Senex" and the soldiers, and against the past and present Ministries, or, in other words, the politicians. "Vetus," although a distinguished soldier, is understood to be one whose life has been largely passed in the War Office and in connection with the politicians; and though upon the point of detail, where he and the "Times" differ from Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, we side with the former, yet on the main point—the position of Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief, and of his successors—we are confirmed in the views which we expressed on Mr. Balfour's speech in our article of 7 September last.

What had been asked for by reformers and by all students of the art of war was a control over both army and navy by something or some one more likely to exercise that control effectively than the whole Cabinet, with the view that the defence of the Empire in its naval and its military branches should receive a complete consideration, and that the most effective and economic mode of

conducting future wars should be thought out in advance. With regard to the navy, it was hoped that the position of the First Sea Lord might more and more approximate towards that of a naval commander-in-chief—the adviser in naval matters of the civilian First Lord of the Admiralty. With regard to the army, it was expected that the new Commander-in-Chief would be the best man available, and that, when chosen, his advice would be followed, subject to political considerations only, until his time expired, or rooted difference of opinion sprang up between the Cabinet and himself.

These were our hopes, but in September we were forced to point out that the performance was very different. Mr. Goschen appears to have taken alarm at his own position under the Duke of Devonshire as Lord President of the Council and Chairman of a Committee of Cabinet charged with Imperial Defence; and, instead of effect being given to the large-type officially communicated paragraph which appeared in the "Times" at the moment of the formation of the Government, the Committee of Cabinet has been reduced to a mere shadow. It is to be only a permanent Committee for communication between the two services, such as the Committee which, from time to time, in the lifetime of the late Government, met for the same purpose. Let us give a concrete instance of the difference. The army estimates have lately been stationary. The navy estimates have been increasing. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that it might be wise, upon a consideration of the probabilities of our next war, to somewhat decrease for a time the army estimates, with a view to a more rapid increase of the naval estimates, by whom is the decision to be taken and the pressure upon the War Office to be applied? At the time of the formation of the Government it was assumed that the Duke of Devonshire, assisted by the Secretary of State for India and the Secretary of State for the Colonies, after hearing the Secretary of State for War, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the First Lord, and after considering the views of the intelligence branches of both services, represented through the First Sea Lord and the Commander-in-Chief, would have taken the decision and recommended it to the Cabinet. As things stand we are no nearer any such decision than we were in the time of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman.

Again, coming to the War Office, instead of a reforming Commander-in-Chief armed by a trusting Cabinet with sufficient power to sweep out the stable and to see that we get the value for our money, we find a Commander-in-Chief shorn (even according to "Vetus" and the "Times") of many necessary powers, and hampered and cramped by boards and councils on every side. The new Commander-in-Chief has written, even when he was Adjutant-General of the army, that the country does not get its money's worth, and he is bound in his new place to see that sweeping reforms, at which he has hinted, are carried out. He has the ability and the energy and the knowledge; but, under the Balfour-Lansdowne scheme, he has not the power. We pointed out in September that there is an Army Board presided over by him, but containing, among other members, an Adjutant-General and a Quartermaster-General who are both of them directly responsible, not to the chairman of the Board, the Commander-in-Chief, but to the Secretary of State. There is to be a War Office Council, presided over by the Secretary of State, and containing again these great officers, the Adjutant-General and the Quartermaster-General, which is to decide the largest questions that can come before Parliament, but possibly to decide them against the Commander-in-Chief. As things stand, if we break down again, as we have broken down before, Lord Wolseley, at all events, cannot be hanged; and he will be able to show us how admirably he had foreseen all our difficulties, and how little he was given power to meet them or to secure the safety of the country.

We have alluded above to points of detail in which even "Vetus" and the "Times" must be counted as being on our side, and against Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour and their scheme. In his concluding letter on "The Prospects of War Office Reform," "Vetus" has proposed, for reasons which are overwhelmingly strong, that the Adjutant-General should be under the Commander-in-Chief, and report through him to the

Secretary of State for War. But "Vetus" has proposed that the thinking department of the army, under a Chief-of-the-Staff, and containing a General Staff, and the Intelligence Department, should be under, and report to—not the Commander-in-Chief, but—the Secretary of State for War. On this point Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's Preface to his new edition is clear and complete. Mr. Balfour, he points out, fears that, upon the system which commends itself to all students of the art of war, the burden thrown upon the Commander-in-Chief would be too great to be borne. Mr. Wilkinson replies that neither Wellington nor Napoleon would have accepted the view; but that to throw the work upon the civilian Secretary of State for War, and to assist him by advice, probably contradictory, coming through a Commander-in-Chief and an Adjutant-General, as proposed in Mr. Balfour's plan, or through a Commander-in-Chief and a Chief of the Staff, as proposed in the plan of "Vetus," is to err more greatly in the same direction. Mr. Wilkinson quotes a report of the Stephen Commission on the position of the over-weighted civilian: "Charged with five separate great functions, any one of which would be sufficient to occupy the whole time of a man of first-rate industry, ability, and knowledge. . . . It is morally and physically impossible that any one man should discharge all these functions in a satisfactory manner." This is the Secretary of State for War, whose duties are enormously increased in the Government plan.

The scheme attributed to Lord Lansdowne, and defended in argument by Mr. Balfour, is really the scheme of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. The differences between the outline sketch given by the late Government and the picture as filled up by the present Administration are mere differences of detail. It is the scheme of the politicians, concerned, as Mr. Wilkinson shows, not with war or even preparation for war, but with maintaining civilian responsibility to the House of Commons and keeping the army under the narrow control of the great talkers. Mr. Balfour clearly revealed his objection to a scientific organization for war to be that it reduced the Secretary of War, and even the Cabinet, to the position of a mouthpiece. The power of the purse-strings is, after all, the greatest of all powers connected with the army, and in any case this must remain with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Cabinet. The expenditure must be justified to them, in order to be justified by them to the Legislature and to the country. But why, we ask, in the interest of the nation, subject to these financial considerations, should not all effective power over the army be exercised in the name of the Crown by the Commander-in-Chief, selected as the best soldier by the Cabinet? If we are to trust this man in war with the destruction of our enemies, are we first to overrule him, at the will of boards composed, it may be, of his jealous rivals and of his would-be successors, in those measures which he deems necessary for the preparation of the wars in which he would be called upon to command? In the want of knowledge of the country, the politicians, we are convinced, are creating for it a so-called reform in its military administration which will not secure the country against continued waste, and which will not effectively prepare for those wars of national existence which the present state of foreign politics shows to be possibly near at hand.

RAS DOURA.

A FUNERAL in fine weather has always seemed to me much more depressing than on the ordinary wet day which is generally associated with the function. It may be that the very rarity of a fine day in Great Britain makes it seem hard that the dead should be unable to enjoy it. Indeed there is a sort of feeling that the funeral cannot be a real one, in the same way as, on arriving at Naples, or any southern port on a fine day, one never fancies the people can die, or need suffer any hardships in life other than mosquitoes. Especially is this true of Northern Africa, where a violent death seems natural enough to all true believers; but a funeral with mourners, tears, and sham tears black clothes, strong drinks, and all the pomp and circumstance of ignoble woe, seems out of place; and when a Christian dies in Tunis or Morocco, it is as if the mourners were acting a comedy. It is said a funeral has a special

attraction for all North Britons. Why this should be so I do not know. Certain it is that in this country a funeral is not an attractive ceremony. However, I suppose no man can ever quite be outside his nation, and I confess to a sort of interest in a funeral myself.

Between Larache and Rabat there is a chain of swampy lakes haunted by ibises, flamingoes, and herons, and navigated by the natives in bales of bulrushes fastened into a sort of gondola with strips of hide. Just the sort of reedy swamp, with a white miasmatic vapour hanging over it, that used to be depicted in steel engravings in old books of African travels. The head of the chain of lakes is called Ras Doura. All along the lakes are little collections of huts—half village, half encampment—as if the Arabs who inhabit them were haunted with “saudades” (no English word renders the Portuguese “saudade”) of the desert from whence they come, and were afraid to lose their individuality by building in too permanent a fashion. In fact these recollections persist amongst them in a way to us quite unintelligible. Travelling one day between Fez and Tangier, I asked an Arab at an encampment where he and his people came from. “From the Nile,” he answered. “That seems far enough to journey,” I rejoined; “when did you leave it?” Said he, with the air of one who states a commonplace, “About six hundred years ago.”

All these villages are dreary places, situated on a strip of sandy soil between the Atlantic and the chain of lakes. Beyond the lakes are plains, on which graze horses, camels, goats, and sheep, tended by men who pass a life like that passed in Chaldea and Palestine by the authors of the Bible. In the distance are three sacred white domes, the tombs of saints. In Morocco every district has its saint's tomb, and the traveller asks his way from Sidi this to Sidi that, in the selfsame way as a tramp in rural England steers his course from the “Chequers” to the “Bells.” All round the three white tombs is a burial ground; for where a saint is buried your true believer likes to lay his bones. Women resort to them to gossip and to pray, and to implore the saint to grant them children who shall grow up horsemen and good men at spear and gun. Something about your Moorish cemetery appeals to me. Often it is a waste of lentisks, dwarf rhododendrons, and arbutus, with lilies and white cistus interspersed like stars in a half-cloudy night. Seldom there is a wall; and if there is one, it is generally built of tapia (sun-dried mud), crumbling, and with many breaches in it. If there is no wall, as is most usual, the cemetery lies open to all passers-by; some of the graves, rough slabs of stone without inscriptions, stand up, others are quite flat, and some stuck edgewise in the ground. A goat or two, or a black curly lamb, is always grazing there, and paths in all directions cut it into patterns. It is not the place to ride across in the dark without a shiver, and yet, by a sort of attraction, you are sure to find yourself with a tired horse at night, galloping amongst the graves on the outskirts of the town. There is nothing to do on such an occasion but give your horse his head, reflect that those whose graves you ride upon have been bold riders to a man, and trust in Allah.

The little village at Ras Doura looks like a colony of bees. Not that the people work an atom more than just to keep themselves from starving. In all Morocco no man can be found so foolish as to say he likes to work, far less to labour, except under the pressure of hunger or of his superiors. The likeness to a colony of bees is purely esoteric. The huts are circular on a sort of “fond de jupe” of wicker-work with rushes. They finish in a point, just like the beehives in an English cottage garden—I mean, the kind before the patent wooden and glass inventions, which I feel quite sure the bees detest, came into vogue. The doors, for the convenience of keeping the huts dry, and for preventing hens, pigs, dogs, and other small mammalia from coming in, are placed about a yard above the ground, and measure but three feet in all in height, so that the spectacle of a fat muslin swathed sherif struggling to emerge from one of them is comical enough. Round about every beehive stands a hedge of prickly bushes, cut by the women in autumn and left to dry. The Christian should not tie his horse to them or touch them, any more than he should fasten his reins to an area-railing or a knocker in England. In the centre of the village may be found

a little square building thatched with reeds, resembling either a boathouse on Virginia Water or a crofter's cottage in Harris or Benbecula. This is the mosque where travellers sleep, and whence the call to prayer arises five times every day. Christians may no more enter it than if it were the Khutubieh at Marakish or Muley Edris at Fez. It is as sacred in its way as either of them. But though so sacred, yet it is homelike as a church in Iceland or in Spain, not that, as far as I know, wayfarers ever sleep in Spanish churches, although they do so to this day in churches in Iceland—of course at night, not at matins or at evensong. No one ever saw a mosque locked up so that the faithful could not enter it. By night and day the doors are open (in Morocco), and it always seems to me, after returning from there, that the Christian church with its padlock and its door seems churlish in comparison. Surely to the true believer, Christian or Mohammedan, the door of the sanctuary never should be closed.

Over the village rests an air of listless self-content: content that comes from the sun and the possession of a horse or two, tempered only by fleas, and the thought that the Basha may be expected at any moment. Yellow ulcerous dogs, that shrink before the stick descends, may be seen on every side, and thin cows and mangy camels, and before the house almost certainly a horse, tied to a post as on the Pampas, blinking in the sun, with a high red saddle and a long gun hanging from the pommel. No inhabitant is much richer than his fellow, except perhaps the omnipresent sherif, without whose presence no village is complete. If all sherifs descend from Mahomet, his family must have been as reproductive as the families of the Norman knights who fought at Hastings, from whom all self-respecting Englishmen claim their descent. Still they fulfil a function in Morocco, being a sort of Levite class, in whom is vested the traditions of the race.

There is poverty, of course, in every Arab village, and plenty of it; but not the poverty we know in Europe, and which we talk about and ponder on, and use for purposes of politics or religion, and by means of which we think to save our souls. Often no one has enough to eat, but no one dies of hunger. The race, in spite of want of food, is famous for beauty; the men are tall, active, and strong, the women almond-eyed and swaying in their walk like “oleanders by the water-courses when the south wind blows.” Marriage to an Arab villager is the key to the position. If he is married enough, his path is easy. One wife is poverty—only one pair of hands to work for you; two wives, a little better; three, respectability; four, the happy consummation arrived at when a man does nothing but mount his horse at evening time and canter to the saint's tomb, to chat and pray, join in the “powder play,” or, better still, sit in his garden thinking of nothing. Women, of course, have rights according to the Koran, but of a different nature to those dreamed of by women who claim such things in England. Each class of right is, no doubt, the best for the country it arose in.

There is nothing in life to make existence either lively or unbearable in the village at Ras Doura. Hardly any politics, no news, but little scandal, no promiscuous visiting, as no one, not the Sultan himself, can enter any other person's house without his leave. Nothing but stealing women and horses, with gazelle-hunting and bustard-shooting, in the way of field-sports; and for their mental exercise, the practice, in all its details, of their religion. Strange as it may appear, in Morocco, and generally in the East, no ridicule attaches to the practice of one's faith. That which a man believes, he is not ashamed to do, even in public. Middle-aged men with beards dyed red with henna fall down and pray in public, and no one thinks them mad. They rise and talk of bullocks and of horses, of money and of women, the moment after, and no one thinks them hypocrites. In fact it is the fashion (just as in London or in Paris at the present time) to be religious. Your irreligious man, who does not pray at proper hours, omits to say Inshallah when he speaks of anything in the future, who does not wash when washing is prescribed, and eats in Ramayan, is looked on as a *bourgeois*.

Still, even in Ras Doura, life has some excitements. At times the Zimouris issue from the forest of Mamora and drive off cattle in the night and carry away the girls.

Then all the young men get to horse, and gallop to and fro, firing their guns, and swearing what they intend to do. Sometimes, of course, if the Zimouri "razzia" is a small one, they get their cattle or horses back, the girls more rarely; but in general, as when a cry of stop thief echoes down a street, each passer-by is eager to repeat it, but leaves the thief alone. At other times the fighting is serious enough, and the fighters fight the better as they know the vanquished will receive no quarter.

Occasionally a Sultan dies, and then ensues a pleasant time of anarchy, in which, if you be young and own a horse and gun, you sally forth and join yourself to others of the proper sort, and slay, burn, ravish, and steal horses, in the selfsame way as these pastimes are so graphically described in the Old Testament. Then, too, there are the feasts, as the Mulud, the birthday of Mohammed, which corresponds to our Nativity. Close to Ras Doura is held the feast of Muley Busalham, the patron of the riders. There, mounted on their best, their "creditos," as the Gauchos of the Pampa say, seated on saddles of white and green and eau de Nile, coffee and orange-coloured silks with "haiks" and "selhams" flying in the air, the horsemen for miles around are trysted to "play powder." The "powder play" (Lab el Barod) is the great diversion of all Eastern horsemen. Europeans think it foolish because they seldom try it themselves. In the same way, no doubt, a Marabout would think a game of polo quite beneath contempt. To "play the powder" on a fresh horse, amongst a mob of horsemen, on rough ground, to stand in the saddle and twist a heavy silver-mounted gun about one's head, wants practice. Only theologians are as intolerant as horsemen: "no one can be saved but professors of my faith; only members of my church, and only few of my church, are certain of salvation." In the same way, no men can ride but Mexicans, Australians, Cossacks, Englishmen, Arabs, Hungarians, and Gauchos, and if you belong to any of those peoples, few but you yourself have ever really mastered the higher branches of the mystery. Then comes along a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired native of Iceland, on his little pony, and flies across a field of jagged lava, and leaves you sore amazed, and so perhaps, in the spiritual field, a man of no profession of faith, who never learnt a creed or a catechism, may enter paradise, to the surprise of the "pious."

Seated in my tent outside the village watching the horses feed, and wondering if, after all, it was really worth while ever to return to England, I heard a wail. Like the Celtic "coronach," the Arab wail is something outside humanity. No jackal or coyote can produce a sound more dismal. It makes you sad at once, and yet sadness must be a kind of mental convention after all, for both the "coronach" and the Arab cry are just as doleful when they issue from the lips of a professional mourner. Fancy a mute at a funeral impressing one with sadness, or inducing thoughts of anything but gin and water. At the door of a little hut appeared a woman scarcely veiled, her hair streaming like a pony's tail. After her another, and then a group of children, all raising the same doleful cry. Then from the other beehives and huts came groups of women, to comfort and to wail in concert; in the midst was the widow, with tears running down her cheeks, and striking her nails into her arms and breast. The night before a horse had fallen on her husband and killed him. The sorrow that is dumb is not for Arabs; the reserve of power we hear so much of and which makes our grief, our joy, our eloquence, our acting seem so unreal to all except ourselves, is not for those who see the sun. "Eyes of my soul, how lightly didst thou ride over the desert. True was thy aim at the enemies of the Prophet. Generous thou wast and noble. Protector of the poor, stay of the childless, father of the downtrodden. How shall I forget thee, life of my life!" Most likely the horseman had never ridden except to market on a stumbling, spavined horse, or fired a shot except at wild duck in his life; and as to being generous or noble, these are merely terms of comparison. Still, in an epitaph (in Latin, so that the common people may not read it) even in England, you occasionally see apocryphal virtues set forth. Be that as it may, the tears, the grief, the utter self-annihilation were as touching as if the tears had filtered through a cambric hemstitched pocket-handkerchief.

Burial in Morocco follows hard upon the heels of death. First, the climate makes delay impossible, and as a coffin is seldom or never used, there is no reason for delay. Wrapped in a clean white "haik," strapped to a board, the feet sticking out stiffly in the pathetic and half-comic way that dead feet have, the dead man's body was brought to his own door. Before the tent, a flea-bitten old grey mare with a little foal was feeding. A ragged boy, with a piece of camel's-hair rope, went up and caught and saddled her, and then the body was strapped upon her back face upwards, the foal watching the proceedings most intently. The burst of lamentation broke out louder than before, the wife appearing distraught with grief, the children standing stupid with the effect of weeping. The women led the widow to the house, the men formed in procession, with one leading the mare in front.

They passed along the lakes, waded a stream, a horseman every now and then firing a shot, the mare looking round anxiously. As they rode over the hill and vanished out of sight, the little foal whinnied and galloped after them, an unconscious mourner.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

ABOUT MODELS

(APROPOS OF TRILBY).

THE prototype of Mr. du Maurier's Trilby O'Ferrall must be looked for either in Goncourt's "Manette Salomon" or in Zola's "L'Œuvre." Both works were practically written with a purpose, but the two purposes differed widely in their scope. Zola had no personal or vicarious account to settle with the painter's model. He merely wanted to show the effect of hereditary vices in the offspring of vitiated parents, and he used his heroine as a foil, proving that the purest-minded and healthiest woman alive cannot counteract, either physically or morally, the consequences of such taints. Christine Lantier—for she becomes Claude Lantier's wife soon after she has sat as a model for and yielded to him—is a ministering angel, a loyal comrade, a docile and intelligent model, and a loving and devoted spouse. She is in the commencement what Trilby would have been to the end had she become Mrs. William Bagot. For Little Billee is not the son of a Gervaise of "Assommoir" fame and of her thoroughly corrupt paramour: his brush would have obeyed his brain, he would not have deteriorated and dragged down his wife with him. Christine, like Trilby O'Ferrall, becomes a model by accident; she stands, in fact, on a higher level than the Irish girl; there have been no *amours de rencontre* in her life, she has never posed for any one but her future husband. She belongs to the same class whence Trilby sprang, and among which the latter would have continued to move had not the Rev. Michael O'Ferrall thrown all reverence to the winds and married a barmaid.

Not so Goncourt's heroine, who was put upon the scene as a protest against the invasion of the Paris studios by the lower-class Jewish girl, grasping, and venal. We catch a glimpse of her like in Mr. du Maurier's novel, although Mimi la Salope, *alias* Mlle. Honorina Cohen, is by no means so vile as Manette Salomon, who ruins her husband Coriolis both in body and soul, in purse and in mind. She is the lineal successor of the Algerian Jewess, who shortly after the conquest of Algiers—as distinct from the conquest of Algeria, which took place later on—swarmed in shoals to the capital and ousted the grisette from the faubourg, who, in the early days of Horace Vernet and Géricault, went from studio to studio, offering for hire her statuesque arms and sweet winning smile. Truth to tell, the new comers were more intelligent than those whom they replaced, and the Manette Salomons were even more intelligent than their immediate predecessors of the Jewish race. Those Hebrew girls had to be intelligent; their parents drummed, rubbed, and drubbed their intelligence into them. The occupation of a model was, and is still, a profitable one, and the money-loving Jews were not going to let the trade slip out of their hands after it had been placed there as it were by a miracle. The elders trained the youngsters: they took them to the Louvre and to the cheap seats at the play, and, whether they liked it or not, they later had to learn

to wear the *peplos*, the mediæval gowns, and the Renaissance kirtle, with becoming grace. If Rachel had not shown such an unmistakable vocation for the stage, she would probably have been sent to the studios to earn her living, and that notwithstanding her original angularity, her lack of facial beauty and the rest.

"You who are telling me about my beauty, you have no conception how ugly I was in the beginning," said Rachel one night at a dinner at Morny's. "I who had to play tragedy had an absolutely comic face. It would have made you roar with laughter to see my square forehead, crooked nose, ferrety eyes, and grinning mouth. I leave you to imagine the rest. My father took me to the Louvre one day. I was not greatly impressed with the pictures, not even with the tragic scenes of David, to which he drew my attention over and over again. But the moment I got among the statues I became an altered being. I thought it was very beautiful to be beautiful. I came away feeling several inches taller, and with a kind of fictitious dignity I managed to transform gradually into a natural gracefulness. Next morning I looked through a book of engravings after the antique; no lesson at the Conservatoire ever proved so useful. My success in appealing to men's eyes by my attitudes and expressions is entirely due to the fact that the masterpieces of antiquity had appealed to my eyes. . . . I ought to tell you that if I have managed to become handsome . . . it is because I studied every hour of my life to be ugly no longer."

Rachel said much more that night which I am perforce compelled to omit, but the few lines I have quoted are sufficient to show the spirit of enterprise by which the Jewish parents were prompted to take their daughters to the Louvre, for one does not pretend for one moment that those visits were paid from a pure love of art. They wanted their girls to be models whose services, from the very intelligent nature of them, should command a high price in the market and drive their Christian competitors from the field. They never trained their sons as models; in the first place, because the latter could earn more money at other occupations, although the classic or romantic model received 3 frs. per hour. Secondly, because *Merché Sinel*, *Duboscq*, *Vuagnat*, *Cot*, and others had practically cut the ground from under their feet in so far as their (the Jews') male offspring were concerned. All these men might be seen for hours and hours wandering about the Louvre; moreover, nearly all were employed either at the *Comédie Française* or the *Odéon* as supernumeraries. They wore the toga, the trunk hose, slashed doublet, and bucket boots as if to the manner born; a good many were fair swordsmen, and all could handle a rapier or carry a musket without looking awkward. They were excellent counsellors, all those models, whether male or female. When *Henner* competed for the *Prix de Rome*, the subject was "The Death of Abel." His model encouraged him in every way. "If I were you I'd put that stick in the picture," she said, pointing to a stick in the corner, for Abel was represented by a woman; "Cain has dropped it in his hurry to get away." The stick virtually got *Henner* the prize, for there was another picture equally meritorious. The jury decided that that *pièce de conviction* made a difference.

But if excellent counsellors, the Jewish models were, as I have said, venal, scheming, grasping, ambitious, and irrepressible to a degree. Woe to the *Coriolis* who fell into their snares. The story of "*Manette Salomon*" is not an invention on the *Goncourts'* part, they only supplied details. Those models' elders, in their constant communication with picture-dealers, were posted up with regard to every rising painter. *Paul Delacroix* said one day: "I do not want to see *M. So-and-So's* work; I saw his model fondly hanging on his arm on Sunday; I feel certain he has at least a half-dozen commissions." "*Pas d'argent, pas de Suisse*," runs the old French proverb. There was a paraphrase in the *ateliers* I dare not print. "Later on, when you have had your *Prix de Rome*," laughed a young Rebecca to a young fellow who became too pressing. He is an old fellow now, a Member of the *Académie* and a Knight-Commander of the *Legion of Honour*, but he often tells the tale.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

MOTTL AGAIN.

MOST men have a genius for something, if they could only find out what. There can be no doubt that when *Mr. Schulz-Curtius* tried concert-giving he discovered the true bent of his genius. I cannot say he does it better than he does other things, for I know not what other things he has tried, but I do know he does it better than any one else has hitherto done it. He is the only entrepreneur in London who does everything for an artist that an entrepreneur may do, who so prepares things that when the artist comes upon the platform the battle is already half-won. Who can stand out long against the faint perfume of those floral decorations, which, to the eye, form so grateful a contrast to the customary chill bareness of the platform? One feels that in such an atmosphere some great artistic thing must follow. Then as soon as *Mottl* commences the doors are locked and those of us who have shown that we want to hear the music by coming in time revel in the unwonted quiet, while those who come unwillingly as to a social function, or because they are critics and must write something about the affair, stand outside meditating sneers about "playing at Bayreuth." Long may *Mr. Schulz-Curtius* play at Bayreuth, and success to the first entrepreneur who imitates him! *Mr. Henschel*, by the way, and I believe *Richter*, both play at Bayreuth in a half-hearted way, but as their doors are not locked, a strong-willed musical critic, anxious to be seen coming in late, can always beat down the opposition of an attendant who gets nothing extra for keeping them outside. If *Mr. Schulz-Curtius* had not played at Bayreuth thoroughly on Tuesday evening we should have missed nine-tenths of the effect of the most delightful performance I remember of the "*Oberon*" overture, which has more in it, perhaps, of pure *Weber* than any other piece he wrote. Of course, under *Mottl's* fingers it became somewhat Wagnerish, but that hurts a *Weber* overture less than it does a *Schubert* or *Beethoven* symphony, for in their pictorial quality the arts of *Wagner* and *Weber* were in strange agreement. That first long-drawn horn phrase—so unlike *Tennyson's* horns of elf-land faintly blowing, with their associations of sunset spreading over a sweet English country-side—came off exquisitely, and the mysterious passage following was so ethereal (if only ethereal were not the wrong word to use), so delicate, so filmy, that it gave one precisely the notion *Weber* must have meant it to give, of the outline of some mouldering castle mingling ghostlike, and losing itself, in heavy evening mists. *Wagner* saw in this overture a battle between two mutually destructive moods, but for my part I rarely find anything so human as a mood expressed in *Weber*. There was nothing human in him, no sunlight, no gladness. His fancy dwelt with the wildly picturesque, the uncanny, the mysterious; his art touched *Wagner's* only in this, that they both painted pictures in music. But *Wagner* painted for the sake of a mood to be expressed, and *Weber* for the sake of the picture, and where *Mottl* made his rendering Wagnerish was in letting the contrasted themes battle a little too royally. He could not spoil the overture, for the reason I have given: on the contrary, what was occasionally excessive, for the most part added strength to the colouring. But he certainly spoilt *Schubert's* B Minor Symphony. Not that the delicate parts lacked delicacy in the playing. On the contrary, they were even too delicate, and thus the over forcible noisy parts struck upon the ear with still more disagreeable harshness. The Unfinished is surely the saddest plaint ever uttered by a child wandering bewildered amongst men; more than *Beethoven's* Eighth it cries out for smooth and considerate treatment, and it was entirely ruined by the purple patching which I said last week would prevent *Mottl* playing the Eighth artistically. Even *Mr. Henschel*, without *Mottl's* genius, without mastery of the orchestra, without a beat that can be played to, has done it better, for the simple reason that all *Mr. Henschel's* playing has the quality of his defect—it is tame and level. Level and tame playing is what the B Minor Symphony needs; and this is no paradox. One cannot blame *Mottl* for not playing it more appropriately, for the very essence of the man is a seeking after brilliant and grandiose effects, and you might as well expect *Milton* to have written a Herrick lyric.

When I wrote about Mottl in this column nearly a year ago, I pointed out his way of effacing himself when self-effacement was necessary; and his willingness to do this is partly the secret of the superb results he achieves. He lets the players make all the effect they can, and only steps in when he knows his presence will draw something more out of them. He refuses to force the pace ever so slightly beyond the point at which the instruments yield their best and fullest tone. If the beauty of a passage depends upon a particular group of players having a free hand, he lets them have it, and becomes a mere time-beater to keep the rest of the orchestra in step with them. A striking instance of this, the one that will remain longest, I should think, in the memory of his last audience, was his treatment of the "Siegfried as hero" theme when it occurs at the close of the Fire-music. There he made the orchestra wait upon the brass, and as they put their whole force into every note, the theme sounded out colossal, stupendous, so that I may say that those who were not at the concert have yet to learn fully what Wagner intended by the passage. We have all known the Ride of the Valkyries for years, but never until that evening did I guess the extent to which Wagner's intentions, as one sees them in the score, may be realized. Of course, some critics will say it was too slow; but the proof that it was not too slow is that what one has seen in the score and thought could not be realized by human hands with a human conductor, was actually lifted out of the score and passed "over the footlights," so to speak, in the glory of its strength. It was as great a piece of playing as that of the "Götterdämmerung" Funeral March at one of the concerts earlier in the year. Those who want to know the vigorous side of Wagner's genius cannot afford to stay from these concerts; for whatever conductors the Germans may have in their own land, none has come here who deals with Wagner as Mottl can. I suppose a word must be said about Miss Brema's and Mr. Plunket Greene's singing in the "Valkyrie" music; but it is only a short word. Miss Brema's declamation was noble, but her voice is becoming a little harsh under her Bayreuth coaching. She should be reminded that Madame Wagner knows no more about singing than any of her miserable crew, and to take her advice is to ask the devil the way to perdition. Mr. Greene lost his voice during the evening, an accident which might easily happen to an inferior singer; but his way of treating Wotan's opening phrases as conversation, and not as declamation, was proof enough of his thorough understanding of the part.

A concert of a very different type was given by the Queen's Hall Choir on Wednesday evening, when that body was resurrected from the sleep into which it had been laid, by the persevering efforts of Mr. William Carter. I hope it has risen to a life everlasting, or, at any rate, a fairly long life. For choral singing is the way that our national genius lies. It was exploited by Mendelssohn, and has shared the discredit fallen of late upon that master. But now we have shaken off his evil yoke, there is no reason why our choral societies should be recruited solely from Peckham and Brixton. If superior persons, instead of holding aloof, would join, and do their best to prevent the societies swelling to an unreasonable and unmanageable size, something good might come. Large, not small, choral societies are the curse of English music. A large body cannot sing; it can only howl in more or less accurate time, in the manner for which Sir J. Barnby's choir at the Albert Hall is so justly admired. But small choirs can sing, as witness the really excellent performances of Mendelssohn's "Athalie" and "Walpurgis Night," and Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, on Wednesday. Mr. Randegger is a poor enough conductor, but he had evidently made his singers and bandmen practise the music as he wanted it done, and the result was well-nigh perfect. Such singing as that of "Come with torches" and the still harder "Disperse, disperse" has not been heard in London these many years. "Athalie" is, of course, a tedious hodge-podge made to sell in the days when anything of Mendelssohn's meant money to the publisher; but one or two numbers are passable. The War March is rather pretty, only the bottom unexpectedly falls out at the finish. But in the "Walpurgis Night" we have Mendelssohn at his very best. Undoubtedly it is the most vital work he wrote. It is deplorable that this man

of genius should have been allowed to waste his energies in making shoddy oratorios for the Protestant market, oratorios which in a few years will be as intolerable as last century tragedies in blank verse, when if he had been kept within the limits of his powers he might have created a series of masterpieces as beautiful, as vividly imagined, as strong and alive as the "Walpurgis Night." Think of the springtide freshness and gaiety of "Now May again" and then of the poverty-stricken dullness of "For He shall give his angels charge" in "Elijah," or (to make a fairer comparison) of the heathen choruses in the "Walpurgis Night," and then of the rowdy vulgarity of "Baal, we cry to thee"! How magnificently, too, are the trombones used here, what noble phrases they get, while in "Elijah" they get no noble phrases, but on the contrary are used to cover the essential cheapness of the music. Mendelssohn has been unfairly treated, first in being praised for qualities in which he happened to be deficient, then in being abused because others praised him. As we see him in his Life, and in his Letters, he is far from being an admirable or lovable character; but at least we should treat him with some approach to fairness; and we cannot begin better than by appreciating his fine works—the overtures, one or two of the organ sonatas, and his masterpiece the "Walpurgis Night." Once we appreciate them, his Biblical shoddy will quickly be consigned to Peckham, and we will all be able to admire the Mendelssohn who survives.

J. F. R.

THE CASE FOR THE CRITIC-DRAMATIST.

"Merrifield's Ghost." An Original Comedietta in One Act. By H. M. Paull. Vaudeville Theatre, 13 November, 1895.

A DISCUSSION has arisen recently as to whether a dramatic critic can also be a dramatic author without injury to his integrity and impartiality. The feebleness with which the point has been debated may be guessed from the fact that the favourite opinion seems to be that a critic is either an honest man or he is not. If honest, then dramatic authorship can make no difference to him. If not, he will be dishonest whether he writes plays or not. This childish evasion cannot, for the honour of the craft, be allowed to stand. If I wanted to ascertain the melting-point of a certain metal, and how far it would be altered by an alloy of some other metal, and an expert were to tell me that a metal is either fusible or it is not—that if not, no temperature will melt it; and if so, it will melt anyhow—I am afraid I should ask that expert whether he was a fool himself or took me for one. Absolute honesty is as absurd an abstraction as absolute temperature or absolute value. A dramatic critic who would die rather than read an American pirated edition of a copyright English book might be considered an absolutely honest man for all practical purposes on that one particular subject—I say on that one, because very few men have more than one point of honour; but as far as I am aware, no such dramatic critic exists. If he did, I should regard him as a highly dangerous monomaniac. That honesty varies inversely with temptation is proved by the fact that every additional penny on the income-tax yields a less return than the penny before it, showing that men state their incomes less honestly for the purposes of taxation at sevenpence in the pound than sixpence. The matter may be tested by a simple experiment. Go to one of the gentlemen whose theory is that a man is either honest or he is not, and obtain from him the loan of half-a-crown on some plausible pretext of a lost purse or some such petty emergency. He will not ask you for a written acknowledgment of the debt. Return next day and ask for a loan of £500 without a promissory note, on the ground that you are either honest or not honest, and that a man who will pay back half a crown without compulsion will also pay back £500. You will find that the theory of absolute honesty will collapse at once.

Are we then to believe that the critic-dramatist who stands to make anything from five hundred to ten thousand pounds by persuading a manager to produce his plays, will be prevented by his honesty from writing about that manager otherwise than he would if he had never written a play and were quite certain that he never

should write one? I can only say that people who believe such a thing would believe anything. I am myself a particularly flagrant example of the critic-dramatist. It is not with me a mere case of an adaptation or two raked up against me as incidents in my past. I have written half-a-dozen "original" plays, four of which have never been performed; and I shall presently write half-a-dozen more. The production of one of them, even if it attained the merest success of esteem, would be more remunerative to me than a couple of years of criticism. Clearly, since I am no honest than other people, I should be the most corrupt flatterer in London if there were nothing but honesty to restrain me. How is it, then, that the most severe criticisms of managers come from me and from my fellow critic-dramatists, and that the most servile puffery comes from writers whose every sentence proves that they have nothing to hope or fear from any manager? There are [a] good many answers to this question, one of the most obvious being that as the respect inspired by a good criticism is permanent, whilst the irritation it causes is temporary, and as, on the other hand, the pleasure given by a venal criticism is temporary and the contempt it inspires permanent, no man really secures his advancement as a dramatist by making himself despised as a critic. The thing has been tried extensively during the last twenty years; and it has failed. For example, the late Frank Marshall, a dramatist and an extravagantly enthusiastic admirer of Sir Henry Irving's genius, followed a fashion which at one time made the Lyceum Theatre a sort of court formed by a retinue of literary gentlemen. I need not question either their sincerity or the superiority of Canute to their idolatry; for Canute never produced their plays: "Robert Emmet" and the rest of their masterpieces remain unacted to this day. It may be said that this brings us back to honesty as the best policy; but honesty has nothing to do with it: plenty of the men who know that they can get along faster fighting than crawling, are no more honest than the first Napoleon was. No virtue, least of all courage, implies any other virtue. The cardinal guarantee for a critic's integrity is simply the force of the critical instinct itself. To try to prevent me from criticizing by pointing out to me the superior pecuniary advantages of puffing is like trying to keep a young Irving from going on the stage by pointing out the superior pecuniary advantages of stockbroking. If my own father were an actor-manager, and his life depended on his getting favourable notices of his performance, I should orphan myself without an instant's hesitation if he acted badly. I am by no means the willing victim of this instinct. I am keenly susceptible to contrary influences—to flattery, which I swallow greedily if the quality is sufficiently good; to the need of money, to private friendship or even acquaintanceship, to the pleasure of giving pleasure and the pain of giving pain, to consideration for people's circumstances and prospects, to personal likes and dislikes, to sentimentality, pity, chivalry, pugnacity and mischief, laziness and cowardice, and a dozen other human conditions which make the critic vulnerable; but the critical instinct gets the better of them all. I spare no effort to mitigate its inhumanity, trying to detect and strike out of my articles anything that would give pain without doing any good. Those who think the things I say severe, or even malicious, should just see the things I do *not* say. I do my best to be partial, to hit out at remediable abuses rather than at accidental shortcomings, and at strong and responsible people rather than weak and helpless ones. And yet all my efforts do not alter the result very much. So stubborn is the critic within me, that with every disposition to be as good-natured and as popular an authority as the worst enemy of art could desire, I am to all intents and purposes incorruptible. And that is how the dramatist-critic, if only he is critic enough, "slates" the actor-manager in defiance of the interest he has in conciliating him. He cannot help himself, any more than the ancient mariner could help telling his story. And the actor-manager can no more help listening than the wedding guest could. In short, the better formula would have been, that a man is either a critic or not a critic; that to the extent to which he is one he will criticize the managers in spite of heaven or earth; and that to the extent to which he is

not, he will flatter them anyhow, to save himself trouble.

The advantage of having a play criticized by a critic who is also a playwright is as obvious as the advantage of having a ship criticized by a critic who is also a master shipwright. Pray observe that I do not speak of the criticism of dramas and ships by dramatists and shipwrights who are not also critics; for that would be no more convincing than the criticism of acting by actors. Dramatic authorship no more constitutes a man a critic than actorship constitutes him a dramatic author; but a dramatic critic learns as much from having been a dramatic author as Shakespeare or Mr. Pinero from having been actors. The average London critic, for want of practical experience, has no real confidence in himself: he is always searching for an imaginary "right" opinion, with which he never dares to identify his own. Consequently every public man finds that as far as the press is concerned his career divides itself into two parts: the first, during which the critics are afraid to praise him; and the second, during which they are afraid to do anything else. In the first, the critic is uncomfortably trying to find faults enough to make out a case for his timid coldness: in the second, he is eagerly picking out excellences to justify his eulogies. And of course he blunders equally in both phases. The faults he finds are either inessential or are positive reforms, or he blames the wrong people for them: the triumphs of acting which he announces are stage tricks that any old hand could play. In criticizing actresses he is an open and shameless voluptuary. If a woman is pretty, well dressed, and self-satisfied enough to be at her ease on the stage, he is delighted; and if she is a walking monument of handsome incompetence, so much the better, as your voluptuary rarely likes a woman to be cleverer than himself, or to force him to feel deeply and think energetically when he only wants to wallow in her good looks. Confront him with an actress who will not condescend to attack him on this side—who takes her work with thorough seriousness and self-respect—and his resentment, his humiliation, his sense of being snubbed, break out ludicrously in his writing, even when he dare not write otherwise than favourably. A great deal of this nonsense would be taken out of him if he could only write a play and have it produced. No dramatist begins by writing plays merely as excuses for the exhibition of pretty women on the stage. He comes to that ultimately perhaps; but at first he does his best to create real characters and make them pass through three acts of real experiences. Bring a critic who has done this face to face with the practical question of selecting an actress for his heroine, and he suddenly realizes for the first time that there is not such a galaxy of talent on the London stage as he thought, and that the handsome walking ladies whom he always thought good enough for other people's plays are not good enough for his own. That is already an immense step in his education. There are other steps, too, which he will have taken before the curtain falls on the first public representation of his play; but they may be summed up in the fact that the author of a play is the only person who really wants to have it well done in every respect, and who therefore has every drawback brought fully home to him. The man who has had that awakening about one play will thenceforth have his eyes open at all other plays; and there you have at once the first moral with the first technical qualification of the critic—the determination to have every play as well done as possible, and the knowledge of what is standing in the way of that consummation. Those of our critics who, either as original dramatists or adapters and translators, have superintended the production of plays with paternal anxiety, are never guilty of the wittily disguised indifference of clever critics who have never seen a drama through from its first beginnings behind the scenes. Compare the genuine excitement of Mr. Clement Scott, or the almost Calvinistic seriousness of Mr. William Archer, with the gaily easy what-does-it-matterness of Mr. Walkley, and you see at once how the two critic-dramatists influence the drama, whilst the critic-playgoer only makes it a pretext for entertaining his readers. On the whole there is only as much validity in the theory that a critic should

not be a dramatist, as in the theory that a judge should not be a lawyer nor a general a soldier. You cannot have qualifications without experience; and you cannot have experience without personal interest and bias. That may not be an ideal arrangement; but it is the way the world is built; and we must make the best of it.

"Poor Mr. Potton," at the Vaudeville, is now preceded by a little play by Mr. H. V. Paull, entitled "Merrifield's Ghost," which I cannot honestly pretend to have enjoyed. Mere custom has inured me to the stage hero who is impossibly virtuous; but the modern gentleman who appeals for my sympathy solely on the ground that he has forged or stolen just as any ordinary criminal does, gets beyond my patience. Merrifield's ghost had not the ghost of an excuse for forging his friend's name or inflicting his confession on me. He does not interest me; and I do not see why I should be put to a great deal of trouble simply to form a low opinion of him.

The revival of "Liberty Hall" at the St. James's was chiefly remarkable for the happy termination of an absurd incident by Mr. Alexander's reception, which attained the proportions of a public demonstration, and was so tremendously enthusiastic that he must have felt almost glad that the occasion of it, intensely disagreeable as it must have been, had happened to him. "Liberty Hall" is too long; and the scene in which the heroine overhears the hero saying to her sister "Nobody need ever know," and misunderstands it, is unpardonable; but otherwise it is a good-natured and amusing play. Miss Furtado Clarke played the part of the sister seriously and well; but probably the audience regretted Miss Maude Millet, because she is more interesting than the part, and would have taken care not to sacrifice herself to it. Serious acting is all very well for Ibsen and people of that kind; but with popular West End authors it is a most dangerous habit for a young actress to indulge.

G. B. S.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT.—XVI.

FIRE AND LIFE.

OUR readers are already familiar with our general views as to the proprietary principle in life insurance. We hold it to be indefensible in theory, and certainly most unjust in practice, that a policyholder should be mulcted of an appreciable part of what would in a mutual office be his due, in order that shareholders may be sated with dividends enormously out of proportion to the amount of capital at stake. And this is what actually happens in the great majority of proprietary offices. No doubt there are many shareholders who bought their shares at a very high premium, and whose dividends do not amount to more than some 4 or 5 per cent on their investment. But this is no concern of the man who is about to take out a with-profit policy. What he has to consider is that if he goes to a proprietary office he must, as a rule, submit to a considerable reduction—in some cases as much as one-third—from his periodical bonuses, in exchange for a guarantee which is practically of little value and is certainly not superior to that afforded by the huge accumulated funds of the larger mutual offices.

There are, however, four proprietary offices to which this argument does not apply. The shareholders in these offices content themselves with the profit on policies effected at the non-participating rates of premium, and leave intact the surplus on the participating policies. Thus policyholders who insure "with profits" are only at a disadvantage as compared with the members of a mutual office in that they do not share in the profit on the non-participating business, *i.e.* on policies effected by other people. Two of these societies—the Atlas Assurance Company and the British Equitable Assurance Company—have already been introduced to our readers as, respectively, one of the best and one of the worst of British life offices. The other two are the Northern Assurance Company and the General Life Assurance Company, which came into existence within a year of each other, and which present interesting points of comparison.

The Northern Assurance Company, established in 1836, is undoubtedly a well-managed and prosperous

concern. It furnishes a fair example of the advantage of having a large fire department to share the expenses of management. Not only do the shareholders waive any claim to a share of the surplus on the with-profit policies, but they undertake that the expenses charged to the life department shall not exceed the very moderate rate of 10 per cent on the premium income. That is to say, the life department pays all expenses until 10 per cent of its premium income has been absorbed, and the fire department finds the balance. The rates of premium, both for whole-life and for endowment insurances, are very moderate; and, assuming continuance of the present bonus of 31s. per cent per annum on the sum assured, the results to an investor will be as shown in the following table:

Age at Entry.	Age when Payable.	Annual Premium on Policy for £1000.	Premiums accumulated at 2½ per cent compound interest.	Policy and Bonus at Maturity.	Sum returned in excess of total premiums paid.	Loss as compared with a 2½ per cent investment.
35	50	£ 67 3 4	£ 1234	£ 1232	£ 225	£ 2
35	60	40 14 2	1425	1387	370	38
25	60	27 15 10	1565	1542	570	23

These figures seem to us quite satisfactory. Of course, as in the case of any other office, everything depends on the question whether the present rate of bonus can be maintained. We only know of one reason why it should not. This lies in the fact that there are no separate investments for the life funds, and that the directors settle from time to time the rate of interest that shall be allowed on them. For many years, including the period covered by the last investigation, the rate allowed was 4½ per cent; but it is now not quite 4 per cent. The reduction in itself is no matter for surprise, looking at the difficulty nowadays of placing capital to advantage; but the effect of the peculiar arrangement we have described is clearly that, while the life department is in a position to suffer from the fall in the rate of interest, it misses the benefit of the corresponding appreciation of its assets, all of which goes to the shareholders. This is not as it should be; and in our opinion the board would do well to remove this the only blemish that we can discover in the methods of a really excellent office.

The position of the General Life Assurance Company is, in Mr. Kipling's phrase, "another story." This Company, which was established for fire insurance in 1836 and opened its life insurance branch in the following year, originally styled itself, if we are not mistaken, the "Dissenters and General"; but it has lost its denominational character (if such ever belonged to it), together with the first part of its name, and it proffers, with impartial hand, a perpetual discount of 10 per cent alike to parson, minister, and priest. Yet even this bait will not be of much avail if the clerical gentlemen are wise. The bonuses, like those of the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society, are calculated on the *decreasing* system, which has been abandoned by all the best offices; although, let us hasten to add, the prospectus disdains the disingenuous artifices adopted by that society to conceal the fact. We are unable to give our usual examples; but the following figures, taken from Champness' Insurance Blue-book, will enable our readers to form a fairly accurate estimate of the relative merits of the two offices now under notice from the point of view of an insurance investor.

Office.	Age at Entry.	Age when Payable.	Annual Premium on Policy for £1000.	Premiums accumulated at 2½ per cent compound interest.	Policy and Bonus at maturity.	Sum returned in excess of total premiums paid.	Gain or Loss as compared with a 2½ per cent investment.
Northern	30	55	£ 39 6 8	£ 1377	£ 1367	£ 404	+ 10
General (lay members)	30	55	40 18 4	1452	1250	227	- 182
(clergymen & ministers)	30	55	36 16 6	1289	1250	399	- 39
Northern	20	55	26 18 4	1515	1542	600	+ 27
General (lay members)	20	55	27 2 6	1527	1245	296	- 282
(clergymen & ministers)	20	55	24 8 3	1375	1245	391	- 130

Moreover, the "Northern" office estimates its liabilities on a more stringent Life Table than that adopted by the "General" (although the latter is safe enough),

and assumes that its funds will accumulate at 3 per cent only, as against a rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent assumed by the "General." In other words, the "Northern" reserves a larger sum to meet an equal risk, and would be the better office even if there were no difference in the rates of bonus.

The chance of better times for the "General" policyholders is faint indeed. During the five years ending with 1882, the average rate of interest earned by the Society on its funds was £4 10s. 2d. per cent; for the succeeding five years it was £4 7s. 7d.; for the five years ending with 1892, £4 4s. 2d.; for 1892 alone, £4 1s. 6d.; for 1893, £3 18s. 11d.; and for 1894, £3 15s. 10d. On the other hand, the expenditure, as so often happens when an office is poor, is out of all reasonable proportion to the amount of business, although it doubtless goes far to account for the otherwise inexplicable fact that during the year 1894 no fewer than 1322 new policies were effected with the Company. The less attractive an office is, the more arduous the task of its agents, and consequently the more costly the process of obtaining "new business" wherewith to keep the concern alive. To make matters worse, in 1892 the proprietors sold their "fire" connection to the London and Lancashire office for £45,000, so that there is no longer a fire department to share the burden of extravagance; and the expenditure for management and commission, which in 1892 amounted to 19.90 per cent of the premium income (lavish enough in all conscience!), reached the ratio of 20.95 in 1893, and 21.45 in 1894. *Quousque tandem?*

The only real hope for the policyholders of the "General" office—that is, for those of them who look further than the security of the original sum assured—seems to lie in amalgamation with some stronger society. This is by no means an impossible event, for the office, with all its disadvantages, is thoroughly respectable, and its solvency is beyond dispute, to say nothing of its uncalled capital. But we have said enough to show that, as matters stand, it should be carefully avoided by the public; and, in the interests of those who, unluckily for themselves, are already on its books, we earnestly counsel the directors to "retrench and reform" before the situation created by a system of recklessly spending A's money in order to induce B to part with his also has become past remedy.

MONEY MATTERS.

THERE was a strong demand for money last week in connection with the Stock Exchange Settlement, and although the speculative account in the Stock Exchange markets had perceptibly decreased, the "carry-over" rates were dearer all round than at the last Settlement. Advances were generally arranged at 2 and $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The discount market was firm, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent was asked for three, four, and six months' bills; they were in good request, on account of the more encouraging outlook in politics and finance. The Bank-rate in Berlin was raised to 4 per cent on Monday, and money is dearer everywhere. Bankers and discount houses at the present moment are chiefly exercised as to what the Japanese are going to do with their millions at the Bank of England. Consols, which dropped last Saturday to 104 $\frac{1}{2}$, touched 107 on Thursday. The Bank-rate is unchanged.

Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall last Saturday came just in the nick of time to save England and the Continent from a disastrous panic. Had it not been for the reckless gambling in mines here and abroad, which compelled speculators to throw on the market any saleable stocks they possessed in order to pay for shares or differences, the mischief would certainly not have been so widespread. As it is, the markets here are beginning to recover now owing to repurchases by "bears" and investments on the part of the public, but Paris is still in trouble. Five "coulisse" firms have already gone into liquidation, and the combined efforts of the "haute banque" seem to be chiefly directed towards the prevention of any further collapse. The losses in the Mining market were exceptionally heavy, and the differences were in some cases very large indeed, but there was only one small failure in the "House."

Many of the brokers in the Mining market were helped over, whilst many others must have lost a great part of their profits in recent bad debts. The sharp lesson they received last week should certainly make them more cautious in the future. Some of the jobbers had so much "bankrupt stock" on their hands that they actually refused to deal in more than a couple of hundred shares! In Paris the state of things is very much the same, and there as here only liquidations are to be expected. We may get some idea of the losses sustained when we consider that the value of the shares of 132 "Kaffir" companies has depreciated forty-four millions sterling within the last six weeks.

There was a general advance this week in the prices of Home Government securities. In the Home Railway market investors took advantage of the favourable prices to make considerable purchases of stock, and dealings were fairly numerous. The improvement in prices was aided by the excellent traffic returns. All the more important lines, with the exception of the Sheffield and the London and Brighton, showed considerable increases in receipts. And neither the Sheffield nor the Brighton decreases possess any great significance, when we consider that last year there was a gain on the Sheffield line of £16,363, and on the Brighton line of £45,776. Some business was done in the stocks of the Scotch lines on Glasgow account, owing to the report that the lock-out on the Clyde was over. The Scotch traffic receipts were favourable; on the Caledonian there was an increase of £3718, compared with a decrease last year of £692, and on the North British an increase of £1837, compared with a decrease of £323.

American railways recovered in sympathy with the rest of the markets, as a result of the more favourable political aspect. Even the bugbear of further gold shipments failed to hinder the improvement in prices. The upward tendency was assisted by the buying of those operators, for whom the "Kaffir" market has no longer much attraction. Some of the railways had quite a "jump," and "bears" were badly hit. Canadian Pacific shares and Grand Trunk stocks were firm. Last week's traffic returns (£97,348) on the Grand Trunk line were favourable, and showed an increase of £1982. There was a recovery in South American Railway and Government stocks in the latter part of the week.

The Foreign Market was not behindhand in regaining some of the ground it had lately lost, and the more cheerful tone of business was accompanied by an advance in prices all round towards the close of the week. Ottoman Bank shares and some of the Turkish securities were in considerable demand for home purchase. In the General Mining Market not much business was done; but the tendency was to an improvement in prices. West Australian shares fluctuated irregularly. Copper shares were firm. Silver was steady, at about 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce.

Of Sir Joseph Renals's banquet to Mr. Barnato we have little to say. Our contemporary, the "Economist," has published the most pointed remarks upon the subject that we have yet seen. Sir Joseph Renals has not, unfortunately, been the first Lord Mayor who has dragged his office through the mire in connection with some company promotion or other of unfavourable reputation. If the late Lord Mayor's degradation of his office for merely personal interests were not a matter rather for regret than mirth, how ludicrous the result of Sir Joseph Renals's attempts to get together a representative body of City gentlemen would appear! Fancy having to descend from a gathering of the financial pillars of the State to a collection of middle-class Jews, with at least one notorious undischarged bankrupt to give "tone" to the assembly!

NEW ISSUES, &c.

THE BARNATO "BANK."

A FLAGRANT SPECIMEN OF THE "NO PROSPECTUS" COMPANY.

We may take some credit for the fact that ever since the Barnato Bank was constituted, we have steadily and

persistently advised our readers against it, either as an investment or a speculation. The scheme, in its initial stages, appeared to us to be a bare-faced attempt to exploit the public, and subsequent events have fully justified that view. The early history of the concern is too well known to need recapitulation. Both the Stock Exchange and the outside public were humbugged by Mr. Barnato and his astute confederates. First of all the Barnato Bank was announced to appear in one form, and then suddenly it came out in another. The £1 shares were introduced to the Stock Exchange at the beginning of September, and they are said to have been given to the jobbers 2, "Mr. Barnato being anxious that the public should get in at a fair price." As a matter of fact, the public never stood the ghost of a chance of "getting in" at such a price as that named, for Mr. Barnato took very good care that they should not be able to do so. Mr. Barnato "syndicated" the bulk of the shares, and very few outsiders were able to buy below 3, while the great majority paid 4 and 4½ for the £1 shares in Mr. Barnato's Bank. It is revolting to think of the immense sums of money which Mr. Barnato and his syndicate cleared by means of this monstrous "deal"; and it must be borne in mind that they gave absolutely nothing in return. Mr. Barnato did not even vouchsafe any particulars regarding the formation of his wonderful Bank in return for the millions subscribed by the foolish public. From first to last there has been a curious conspiracy of silence on the part of the wire-pullers of this company, both in regard to its construction and its assets. We begin seriously to doubt the existence of any assets worth speaking about. The promoters of this astonishing scheme have talked, and are still talking, about publishing a list of the "securities" held by this Bank, but the truth is that, in the present state of public feeling, they are afraid to publish the list. When such disclosures are compelled, however, it will probably be found that Mr. Barnato's Bank "securities" consist merely of Mr. Barnato's unique collection of mining "rubbish." It is well known that Mr. Barnato is the proud possessor of a greater quantity of comparatively worthless scrip than any person at present engaged in South African speculation. Originally one would imagine, Mr. Barnato intended his precious Bank to be the means of relieving him of this waste paper; it never occurred to him, until he arrived in England and measures the extent of public gullibility, that he could net enormous sums of money by simple market manipulation. We understand that the result exceeded Mr. Barnato's wildest anticipations. The most astonishing circumstance in connection with the whole affair is that the public should have rushed so blindly into a concern about the barest details of which they knew absolutely nothing. Even now very few are aware of the exact title of Mr. Barnato's Banking company. So many curious statements were in circulation that we ourselves were in doubt about it. We have ascertained, however, that the correct title of the concern is the Barnato Bank, Mining, and Estate Corporation, Limited, the office of which is at 5 Lothbury, E.C. We have also ascertained that this company, of which no prospectus nor any particulars as to formation or general construction have ever been published, was never registered in England, and is not in any way subject to the English public-company law. Mr. Barnato's Banking company, which has been the means of fleecing thousands of the British public, was (in accordance with the discreditable methods which have all along been pursued in connection with this concern) registered in Johannesburg, under the laws of the South African Republic. The office at 5 Lothbury is not the registered office of the company, but the "London" office, and any one wishing (as we did) to inspect the company's register of shareholders is politely told to go to Johannesburg, as that is where the register is kept. We would ask any reasonable man to consider for himself what these attempts at secrecy and mystification can possibly mean. For ourselves, we have no doubt as to their purport. The same reasons that induce London company-promoters to register their bantlings in Scotland or Ireland are, to some extent, those which induced upon Mr. Barnato to cause his Bank to be registered in South Africa. For doubtless very excellent reasons, Mr. Barnato

would rather be called to account under the laws of the South African Republic than under British laws, and yet it is the British people he is now so diligently engaged in exploiting. Mr. Barnato seeks to pose as a philanthropist, and a sort of saviour of the South African market; but no one knows better than Mr. Barnato himself that the little he did towards "saving the situation" was dictated by a very strong desire to save his own skin. And, after all, what was it that Mr. Barnato did do, of which we have heard so much lately from his "defenders" in a certain section of the Press? In the course of the recent crisis Mr. Barnato bought back from the public at 1½, or thereabouts, the Barnato Bank shares which, a few weeks previously, had been sold to them at 4 and 4½. This was "supporting the market" with a vengeance! We should be inclined to call it a very fine "bear" operation. Should the price of these shares rise again (which we do not think at all likely), we have no doubt that Mr. Barnato will be pleased to re-sell to the confiding investors the shares which he so obligingly purchased from them the other day, and once again pocket his little "margin" upon the transaction. And this might go on *ad infinitum* if investors liked to be fools enough; but we fancy their folly will take a new direction. There is a certain limit to gullibility. Mr. Barnato might urge that there was really no occasion for him to buy back any of the shares at all, but, in that case, we would differ from him. It was very necessary for Mr. Barnato to do something to save *himself*. Supposing he had let the whole thing go, the transparent and criminal impudence of the scheme would have been patent to every one, and Mr. Barnato's position—despite his South African registration—might not have been a very happy one. Mr. Barnato was bound to stop the depreciation on his Bank shares by some means or other—the laws of self-preservation compelled him to do so. Mr. Barnato's Bank was, in our opinion, one of the chief causes of the recent "slump"; the anxiety and depression created by this wretched "gamble" have been widespread; and, so deeply did the public plunge into the scheme, that nearly everything else has suffered in consequence. At the present time, Barnato's Bank is hanging like a pall over the Stock Exchange, and the sooner we are rid of it the better. We have no belief in Mr. Barnato and his Bank, and we advise such of our readers as hold shares in it to get rid of them as soon as they can.

"NO PROSPECTUS" COMPANIES.

We have the following additions to make to our previously published lists of these traps for unwary speculators:

Adler's Consolidated Mining and Land Corporation, Limited. Capital £250,000.

Omnium Gold, Limited. Capital £500,000.

We can only repeat the advice which we have on different occasions given, that investors who have anything to do with these, or similar "uncertificated" concerns deserve to lose their money.

BOGUS-COMPANY PROMOTERS.

In the exercise of that which, rightly or wrongly, we consider to be our duty to the public, it sometimes happens that we are obliged to employ harsh terms, and to recall unpleasant memories, in regard to persons with whose unsavoury company-promotions we are called upon to deal. No one regrets the necessity more than we do; but it is a necessity, and we cannot help it. In recent issues we dealt with certain promotions of the "Bread Union" gang, and we had occasion to refer at some length to a Mr. Edward Beall and to a certain circular published by him called the "Corporation of British Investors." We said nothing of Mr. Beall that he did not well deserve, and we said nothing worse of Mr. Beall than we did of his "Bread Union" friends—and they have not yet expressed their dissatisfaction. Having thoroughly sifted the matters, in question, we had not intended, until fresh necessity arose, to further allude to Mr. Beall and his promotions, but Mr. Beall has thought proper to challenge our statements in offensive letters addressed to us upon the subject. Mr. Beall has also written to our printers threatening them with various pains and penalties. For

a man of his long experience in connection with the promotion of unlucky companies, we think that Mr. Edward Beall is much too sensitive. He knows better even than we do, that what we have said to his discredit was amply justified. We are sorry if this frank statement offends Mr. Beall, but his bad record as a company-promoter compels us to make it. We do not know that we have anything more to say in regard to Mr. Beall, for the moment, but if he objects to any of our statements—all of which we are prepared to justify in every particular—the courts are open to him. Mr. Edward Beall is a solicitor, and should, therefore, be the last person in the world to write foolish letters of remonstrance when the law offers him every possible means of redress. In order to save him trouble we may add that our solicitors are Messrs. Renshaw, Kekewich & Smith, of 2 Suffolk Lane, Cannon St., E.C.

THE "LINOTYPE."

We have received a letter from the secretary of the Linotype Company, Limited, in reference to the paragraph which appeared in our last issue. As this letter has arrived too late to enable us to verify some of the statements contained in it before going to press, we propose to hold it over for publication until our next issue, when we shall also make our promised observations upon the Linotype Company.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PROFESSOR ON EXAMINATIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 POWIS SQUARE, LONDON, W.,

5 November, 1895.

SIR,—Knowledge, accuracy, and courtesy are generally believed to be characteristics of Regius Professors at the Universities. We respect these gentlemen because of their wide and deep learning, the absence of blundering and reckless mis-statements, and the genial way in which they impart knowledge to those who have the advantage of listening to them. Not many weeks ago I bought a book without looking at it, because I saw the name "R. Y. Tyrrell" as the author. My trust was not misplaced. But when I read his article in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 2 November, my surprise was greater than my disappointment. Professor Tyrrell knows an examiner of "exquisite scholarship" who assigned "a greater value to the obviously inferior of two compositions," for reasons he gives. If I were asked what I thought of the exquisite scholar, I should make answer that I thought him a knave for doing it and a fool for telling it. Professor Tyrrell says all examinees aim at the "displaying or simulating of knowledge." What is the "simulating of knowledge"? Is it pretending to know what an examinee does not know? Mr. Tyrrell says, "Examiners are all possessed of more or less solid knowledge." If the examiner who set the question knows the answer and the examinee does not, how is the examinee to impose on the examiner by simulating knowledge? I have had a longish experience of candidates for the India Civil Service. Most, if not all, knew in the examination room which were the questions they knew that they knew the answers to. They also knew that there are perhaps ten thousand ways of doing a question wrong and only one of doing it right, and that one they did not know; and knew better than to incur the penalties of exposing ignorance by "simulating knowledge." Professor Tyrrell says that in the recent examination for the India Civil Service, university scholars in classics and mathematics competed who had highly distinguished themselves in their own universities. I do not know who these gentlemen are—perhaps "university scholar" means something different at Trinity College, Dublin, to what it does at Cambridge—but I feel quite sure that nearly, if not quite, all knew better than to try and humbug an examiner, and yet more, knew enough to occupy all the time allowed them for answering each paper, and so had no time for what Calverley called "hazarding conjectures." Professor Tyrrell says also that those distinguished university scholars failed to gain as many marks in these subjects as were awarded to candidates in such subjects as Law, Political Economy, Political History,

who had not devoted to these branches of study as many weeks as the university scholars had years to theirs. Well, if Professor Tyrrell knows of such cases, doubtless there are such. But I shall not believe it till I know who they are. There is no such subject as "Political History." This is perhaps a small matter, but it is best to be accurate. I think he had "Political Science" in his mind. He speaks of these as "non-university subjects." At Oxford they have a "School of Modern History," in which Political Science is a required subject. Law papers are also set. At Cambridge they have a Law Tripos and a Historical Tripos too, in which Political Economy is a required subject. I suppose the Oxford Tripos "in Jurisprudentia" is much the same thing as our "Law" Tripos. Law for the India Civil Service means English and Roman Law. The highest marks in English and Roman Law were scored by a scholar of Trinity Hall, who made 300 and 336 out of a possible 400 in each case. The highest mark made in Classics was 1632 out of a possible 1850. The Law scholar had taken his degree in the Law Tripos at Cambridge. To suggest that the highest scorer in Classics had learned Classics ten years and the Law man ten weeks is worse than absurd. *Suggestio falsi* is nothing to it. Professor Tyrrell regrets that many of the successful university men were obliged to supplement their university store of knowledge by make-weight contributions from "London factories of civil servants." Professor Tyrrell seems to have me in his eye. I know of only one paper from which the information he has can be got. It lies before me. Is it courteous in a Regius Professor to use these scornful words of a place at which men of university distinction almost equal to Professor Tyrrell's are lecturers? It does not hurt me, that I know of, to call me a "London factory." And as candidates want to be made into Civil Servants, why should not even university men come to the special Factory, from which the staff of distinguished university workmen employed have turned out during the past twenty years more Civil Servants than all other places of education in the civilized world put together, whether schools or colleges, institutions or universities? A case will illustrate the point. Five Cambridge Wranglers competed—three passed—the Senior Wrangler, the 9th and the 15th. But the 15th was 19th on the India Civil Service list, the 9th was 33rd, and the senior 37th. The 15th came to me after taking his degree, the other two did not. I could quote more cases than this—plenty. Professor Tyrrell asks, "Are these factories really refineries, or do they owe their success, if not their existence, to the discovery that the non-university subjects pay better, &c.?" There are no "non-university" subjects. There is a Mediæval and Modern Language Tripos at Cambridge. Professor Tyrrell rightly points out that "the examiners are to blame if cram prevails over education." Classics and Mathematics "pay" the best because they have been examined in so many more years than any other subject. Also, being thought more important than all others, they carry more marks. The Senior Wrangler scored 1418. The best Classic scored 1632. He was educated at this "factory." I wanted him to go up on Classics, Mathematics, Political Science, and English Composition. He would have scored more marks and missed some "culture." This particular factory owes its existence to the fact that when competitive examinations were first established in consequence of the very bad bargains H.I.M. had in all branches of her services, the endowed schools and universities would stick to their ancient paths, while we were not too proud to supply what was demanded. They should never have let me in. We owe our success to the fact that candidates from the schools and universities find here equally good teaching and more of it, better organization, time better used, and fewer distractions. A year here means thirty-six weeks, at Cambridge and Oxford twenty-four. Three years at Cambridge or Oxford means seventy-two weeks. A man learns for seventy-two weeks with me in two years. The bearing of this observation lies in the application of it.—Yours, &c.,

WALTER WREN.

P.S.—The day after the above was written I received an undated note from Professor Tyrrell, saying, "I did not mean to imply any disrespect by the words 'London

factories of civil servants." While accepting unreservedly the disclaimer, I cannot see in it conclusive reason for cancelling anything written above. Professor Tyrrell's words stand on record in the SATURDAY REVIEW. The SATURDAY REVIEW has readers in most places in the civilized world. I make bold to say that the percentage of those who did not think the words used implied disrespect is very small indeed. Professor Tyrrell knows exactly what he wants to say and how to say it. The word "regret" is conclusive. If no disrespect is implied in the words he used, why does he "regret" that some men supplemented their university knowledge "by make-weight contributions from London factories"? If the London factories are worthy of respect only and not of disrespect, still less of scorn and contempt, Professor Tyrrell need not regret that university candidates increase their store of learning by going to them.

W. W.

MANCHURIAN RAILWAYS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 31 October, 1895.

SIR,—About six years ago, when the reigning Emperor emerged from his minority, the question of railways came uppermost for discussion at Peking. Li Hung-chang had been advocating them; Tso Tsung-tang, who gained fame by suppressing the great Mahomedan rebellion in the North-West, had been advocating them; and the Empress Regent had signified approval. The reactionaries took advantage of the Emperor's accession to throw the whole question again into the crucible; and he appealed to the great provincial satraps for their opinion. Among the answers was one from Liu Min-chüan, who had gained credit for defending Formosa against the French. He had, he said, "read in the papers" that the Russian Tsar had ordered a railway 3000 miles long, from Tomsk to Vladivostock. "This shows that the mouths of the Russians water for our Manchurian provinces. Let us then make ourselves strong while we have yet time; and we cannot take a better means to that end than the construction of railways." A small beginning had been made. Fortified by the Empress's approval, Li Hung-chang had made a line from Taku to Tientsin and the "Eastern hills." His original design was to extend this in one direction towards Peking, and in another to Manchuria.

The opposition of Peking officialdom has defeated the Peking project to this day; and it dwarfed the Manchurian scheme, from a great State enterprise to such progress as could be made with an annual subvention of £1s. 2,000,000. The scare of the Siberian railway promised, for a moment, to galvanize the Government into greater energy; and extension to the Amoor, with a branch to Port Arthur, was earnestly discussed. The impulse subsided, however, as Chinese impulses are wont to do, and the line had been completed only as far as Shan-hai-kwan, the "Hill-Sea-Gate," which marks the Manchurian frontier, when war broke out. Eventually, no doubt, Moukden would have been reached. The approach had, indeed, been surveyed, and the line diverted somewhat to avoid irritating a dragon which was supposed to lie there recondite and to have the fortunes of the city in hand. The ulterior destination was Kirin, the strategic centre of the dependency. There were dreams, even, of carrying it on to Tsitsihar, and our grandchildren might have lived to see it done.

In proposing, therefore, to take charge of Manchurian railways—if we may assume, in face of "high diplomatic denial," that they ever did entertain such a dream—the Russians were proposing to work in a measure on Chinese lines; only, instead of crawling upwards towards Tsitsihar from the south, their line would have travelled rapidly from Tsitsihar southward: the supreme novelty being that Tsitsihar would become a station on the Siberian trunk line. A glance at the map will show the immense saving of distance in cutting thus across Manchuria from Nerchinsk, instead of following the great bend of the Amoor. It is difficult to predicate exactly what line would have been followed. That would have been ascertained for us, no doubt, by the three surveying parties who are stated, with such exuberant imagination, to have set out from exactly the three places—Vladivostock,

Blagoveschenck, and Nerchinsk—from which one would expect such expeditions to start. Vladivostock is, as we all know, the projected terminus and the chief Russian station on the Pacific coast. Blagoveschenck stands on the north bank of the Amoor opposite Aigun—opposite, also, the head waters of the Nonni, down whose valley lies the road to Tsitsihar; while Nerchinsk, on the upper waters of the Shilka—the northernmost of the two streams that combine to form the Amoor—is the point at which the assumed change in direction of the great Siberian line would begin to take effect.

There is a certain interest attaching to the places named, in other respects. Tsitsihar is one of the points which the Chinese were supposed to have fortified, or to intend fortifying—the Chinese mind is apt to exhaust itself in paper decisions—as a point of defence against Russian attack. One hundred and fifty miles or so below Tsitsihar, the Nonni falls into the Sungari, near a town called Petuna. About 180 miles south of the point where the Sungari falls into the Amoor is Sansien. These three places, with Aigun, were designed to form a quadrilateral for the purpose of defending the very territory which China has been accused of entrusting to Russian engineers. Aigun is interesting, too, as the strategical point from which Kanghi's generals set out, two hundred years ago, to expel the Russians from the Amoor basin; while Nerchinsk has given its name to the treaty which was negotiated in 1686, at the termination of the campaign. That treaty excluded the Russians from the Amoor basin, which was declared to belong to the Chinese; and it held good—which is more remarkable still—from the end of the seventeenth century to the middle of the nineteenth. It endured till the days of the Crimean war, when the necessity of provisioning the Russian stations on the Pacific coast led Mouravieff to send supplies down the great river, in spite of the Chinese. It was the success of that expedition which led him to suggest, at St. Petersburg, the acquisition of a water-way of such great value. How Ignatieff succeeded, five years later, in getting China to cede, in addition, all the territory between the Usuri and the sea is a second chapter of the story, which may illustrate Russia's talent for taking advantage of opportunities; for it was while China was prostrate before the Anglo-French attack that this diplomatic (?) success was achieved.—Yours truly,

R. S. GUNDRY.

THE AMERICAN VIEW OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

WASHINGTON, 26 October, 1895.

SIR,—There seems a good deal of misapprehension among English newspapers as to the American attitude with regard to the Monroe doctrine. One announces that neither America nor Germany can afford to see the Pacific (*i.e.* the other side of the Pacific) turned into a Russian and French lake. Others insist that enthusiastic utterances about the Monroe doctrine are mere American bluster. Englishmen may accept it for a fact that the Monroe doctrine is for us the predominant passion in matters outside our own boundary. We ourselves have absorbed much territory. Therefore we have rejoiced when imitators—very imperfect and often discreditable ones—sprang up among the Latin-American peoples. Therefore we yearn over Cuba, as the suffering infant of the family, and would be glad to pour volunteers in by the ten thousand to help her. Therefore we feel like a big brother whose little brother is killed, when a nation of Europe imposes what it may regard as just demands on the feeble folk south of us. If such a nation were to go the length of taking fresh territory, or insisting on the ownership of disputed territory without impartial arbitration, a submission without war would be felt by us as a national disgrace.

There are conditions which would make war in itself not unacceptable to us. We have had a dreadful experience of long-continued unprosperous peace. Instinctively, without much formulation in words, it is felt that war would be a welcome relief from mere ignoble strain and stress; that it would bring prosperity and a stir of the blood more than offsetting any loss.—Yours truly,

W. H. BABCOCK.

SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 16 NOV. 1895.

REVIEWS.

A PRESSMAN'S PRATTLE.

"Platform, Press, Politics, and Play. Being Pen and Ink Sketches of Contemporary Celebrities from the Tone to the Thames, *viâ* Avon and Isis." By T. H. S. Escott, M.A. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. 1895.

WHEN Mr. Escott, M.A., was at school, a pedagogue pointed to "this dunce" (meaning Mr. Escott, M.A.), and exclaimed hexametrically:

"Inter discipulos omnes micat ultimus Escott."

The same surely holds good among the garrulous to-day as it did among the "disciples" all that while ago. For our sins, we have waded through wildernesses of reminiscences, but we have no hesitation in affirming that those of Mr. Escott, M.A., sparkle last and least among them all. The vanity of the man is the only remarkable exhibit of his book. Had he been a very great or a very wicked person, had he saved an empire or destroyed a throne, the only effect of publishing this book would have been to amaze by the contrast of supremely humdrum antecedents. But in the case of a man whose most splendid achievement in life seems to have been the taking of his M.A. degree, we had been quite ready to take for granted the commonplace past of an essentially commonplace individual. "When one has ascended a hill," he begins, "the natural impulse is to pause a moment in one's walk and to survey the view from the eminence attained." We have nothing to say against Mr. Escott, M.A., pausing as long as he pleases on the top of the mole-hill he has so arduously climbed, but if he hopes to persuade any one of his "eminence," we counsel him to keep the limitations of his purview religiously to himself.

But there is no stemming the high tide of his garrulity. His middle-class origin is detailed at length, and there is even an enumeration of namesakes, not excluding a jockey, a Strand publican, and the porter of the Reform Club. Nearly four pages are devoted to a speech delivered by the author's uncle, and reported in the "Sherborne Journal" of 20 January, 1853. This is the kind of thing: "Mr. Escott stood forward, amid loud cheers, and said: 'Mr. High Sheriff, ladies and gentlemen,—I am obliged to those gentlemen who had the arrangement of these proceedings, for having allowed me to second this resolution. I am certainly very anxious to have this opportunity of saying a very few words upon the great occasion on which we are met together. I will not now mention all the reasons for that desire, but it is enough, I should think, that I have been born a Somersetshire man . . .'" Our prophetic soul! On the strength of the reflected glamour of this avuncular distinction, our author, "defiant of a Tory nursemaid, called at the house of Kinglake's agent, Mr. Charles Bate, whose son," it is indeed thrilling to learn, "still adorns his profession in the town," with the request that, for his uncle's sake, our author might stand upon the hustings during the speeches. "Certainly, my little man, if you can manage to get up the steps," was the momentous reply. Then we find the "little man" actually learning to read, and that not from a manual called "Learning without Tears," though he thinks it was published at that time. Presently he "was promoted to writing copies on such themes as 'Ver Redit' or 'Fuit Ilium,'" and "permitted and encouraged to learn by heart 'The Lady of the Lake.'" Later on he underwent the unique rite of confirmation, being thereby admitted "into full membership of that Church," which, he condescendingly informs us, "is, I venture to think, good enough for me and mine, as well as for the whole English people." The affairs of an obscure seminary at Bath are laboriously laid bare, the names and characteristics of the ushers are inflicted upon us for no other reason than that they were the foundations of Mr.

Escott M.A.'s future eminence. More than one-third of the tedious tome is consumed before we reach Oxford and are entertained with such pleasing personalities as references to the complexion of a certain duke, whose name our author does not conceal even when dubbing him "his glowing grace." Then we are regaled with the title and precise date of Mr. Escott M.A.'s first article in the SATURDAY REVIEW, which must have been a far less exclusive journal all those years ago. And so on throughout the whole dreary, egotistical gamut.

When dealing with other people, Mr. Escott, M.A., is only less uninteresting than when vaunting himself. It is still all to the glory of Mr. Escott, M.A. Every sort of name, down to that of the Prince of Wales in the preface, is dragged in without rhyme, reason, or even anecdote, simply to establish a spurious connection between it and that of Mr. Escott, M.A. We are not only told whom he knew but whom he did not know, as, for instance, "The terrible 'Henry of Exeter,' Bishop Phillpotts, I cannot remember to have set eyes upon"; while even the unnecessary information is volunteered that Mr. Escott, M.A., was not a member of the Athenæum, and "seldom"—"seldom" is good—"had the honour of meeting Bishop Magee *en garçon* in town." Prigs and bores, like Mr. George Brodrick and Mr. Oscar Browning, are those for whom he evidently cherishes his most peculiar respect; and we encounter a certain amount of obsequious flattery in connection with our contemporaries, the "Daily Telegraph" and the "Realm," to the former of which he applies the peculiarly inappropriate epithet "literary." This gives us a clue to the aspirations of his own inflated Johnsonese, every turn of which repels by a constant straining after superiority. Such words as "apolaustic" and "energising" seem more than usually out of place in a book of gossip; but it is Mr. Escott M.A.'s genitive which affords us the acutest irritation. Here are random specimens: "In my career's early days." . . . "Mr. Bendyshe's staff's chief members were" . . . "the historian talked on every subject from English literature's beginning down to the Union's end." . . . "Serjeant Ballantine was then at a handsome manhood's zenith, and his forensic practice's prime." It would appear that Mr. Escott, M.A., in his struggles after the polysyllabic, forgets the existence of the useful if humble word "of."

The only good story in the book is, as might be expected, about Mr. Labouchere. He was staying with his uncle, Lord Taunton, when "an insinuating yeoman, who aimed at being 'genteel,' approaching the host's nephew, reminded him of, as he said, a previous meeting further west at Pixton (meaning, of course, Lord Carnarvon's seat). Mr. Labouchere, with something between a simper and a sneer, and pretending not rightly to have caught the last word, re-echoed incredulously, 'Brixton? There must be some mistake. I never desert Camberwell!'" Everybody knows the story of the young peer who had been in the House of Lords when a certain right reverend orator declared, in tremendous tones, that, did he vote for a certain Bill, he would be imperilling his immortal soul; and how the young peer, asked the purport of the great speech when he came outside, summed it up as follows: "The Bishop said he'd be damned if he'd vote for the Bill." This story—or, rather, a bowdlerized version of it—Mr. Escott, M.A., puts into Mr. Gladstone's mouth, refers to Archbishop Rowley and "His Grace [*sic*] of Cumberland," and utterly spoils in the telling. Then he actually mentions Mr. Hawker of Morwenstow without telling the story of how that reverend gentleman frightened his parishioners by sitting on the rocks combing a wig and pretending to be a mermaid, until he heard some one planning to "shoot the beast."

The only possible plea for this book is that it is fairly good-natured, which is not an excuse, though perhaps an explanation of the astounding dullness which pervades it.

[The three following reviews appeared in the first portion of last week's issue. They were forced out of the second edition by extra advertisements, and we therefore reproduce them as a supplement.—ED. "S. R."]

BRITAIN AND HER RIVALS.

"Britain and Her Rivals. 1713-89." By Arthur D. Innes. London: A. D. Innes & Co. 1895.

THIS is a solid and sensible book enough, though it halts somewhat between the objects of a history pure and simple and those of a historical commentary or an essay. There is, we mean, somewhat too much of narrative and detail for the purpose of mere comment, and somewhat too much of comment for a history which compresses eighty stirring years into 380 pages.

To describe briefly the parentage of the book, we may define it as being bred by Captain Mahan's "History of Sea Power" out of Professor Seeley's "Expansion of England." Mr. Innes is mainly interested in the colonial expansion of England and the development of her naval supremacy, which he traces out on the lines of Mahan and Seeley, but he goes beyond their sphere in narrating the internal political changes of the century, and pointing out their influence beyond seas. His excursions into the dreary waste of Whig politics are longer than they need have been, if he had desired nothing more than to indicate the character of the domestic conditions of the day in their connection with transmarine affairs; but they are not quite full enough to constitute a continuous history of Georgian England.

Any reader who does not chance to belong to the Little England party or to cherish a devout personal admiration for Sir Robert Walpole, will find wholesome and stimulating diet in this book. Mr. Innes, as we have already said, is a disciple of Professor Seeley, and looks on the history of the England of the last century with his master's eyes. The nation, as he tells the tale, steered by blind pilots, save while the elder Pitt was at the helm, arrived in spite of them at a goal which it had hardly realized. "The statesmen who directed the course of affairs in England were mainly those to whom America was merely a coloured space on an unfamiliar map. The energy of individuals in East and West had won and preserved for England her commercial and maritime supremacy in spite of want of guidance or mistaken guidance from the central authority." As Mr. Innes puts it, in the wars of George II. "there were three alternatives—that of striking at the colonial possessions of France and Spain, the true policy for a great naval power, and the ideal of Pitt; that of making a vigorous military intervention in Germany, the plan of Carteret and the king (whose Hanoverian proclivities bent him in that direction); lastly, that of the Pelhams—to do little or nothing anywhere. The second and third alternatives were tried in succession and led to nothing; the first led to instant victory, thanks to the guidance of Pitt and the valuable diversion afforded by Frederick of Prussia." This statement is clear and vigorous, though we are not quite sure that it does justice to Carteret, who cherished that same determination "to win America on the plains of Hanover," which Pitt brought to a successful end. The great Commoner himself acknowledged on at least one occasion that he had erred in denouncing Carteret's policy so fiercely in the days when he sat in opposition, and that he had turned it to use in his own day of power. Without the perpetual bicker on the Rhine and Weser, France would have been able to spare more troops for East and West, and to find money to develop her fleet, as Choiseul strove too late to do.

We have nothing but praise for Mr. Innes's Indian chapters, where he gives an admirable picture of the state of the peninsula of Hindustan at the time of the break-up of the Mogul power, and succinctly disposes of "the popular notion that there was a great Indian nation with which England traded; that it occurred to the mind of a merchant's clerk, named Clive, that this nation could be conquered; that at the head of a few Europeans and some thousands of Sepoys he conquered India in two pitched battles; and that the whole conquest was due to the accident of Clive not having committed suicide at an early age." We have only to point out a few trifling errors of detail in these chapters. Mysore was not a Mohammedan State in 1741, as is asserted on p. 113. It was under Hindu rajahs till Hyder Ali usurped the throne in 1749. The "State of Trichinopoly," on the same page, seems to be a mistake

for Travancore. The Sikhs can hardly be called with accuracy a Hindu State in the same sense in which that phrase is used regarding Rajputs and Mahrattas.

We might perhaps wish that Mr. Innes had given a little more detail in relating the military as opposed to the political aspects of the great wars with which he deals. While pointing out the meaning of a campaign from time to time, he seldom gives that of a battle. No explanation, for example, is given of the victory of Charles Edward at Preston Pans save that "that battle was decided in ten minutes." In the account of Culloden it is not mentioned that one whole wing of the Highland host stood aloof from the fray on a foolish point of tribal etiquette. Burgoyne's failure to join Clinton in the American war and his surrender at Saratoga are related without any statement of the two crucial facts in that unhappy episode—that the English general had been pushed too far from his base in Canada without supplies and transport, and that in the fighting that preceded the disaster he had to try to force densely wooded positions held by superior numbers with forces accustomed only to fighting in the open, and quite unaccustomed to bush-fighting. The thick of the struggle, too, was about Burlington, not *Barrington*, Heights, as Mr. Innes (or perchance his errant printer) calls them.

As a fair sample of Mr. Innes at his best, we may give the following very fair and judicious summing-up of the influence of Walpole, on pp. 178-9:

"To Walpole is largely, though by no means entirely, due the low state of political morality, of departmental energy, of *morale*—the absence of all enthusiasm, of all political insight extending beyond the merest opportunism of party-management—which prevailed till the brief but splendid period of Pitt's ascendancy. The worst period did not come till Walpole himself had fallen; but to the Pelhams and to the political methods they had learnt from Walpole, England owed her worst degradation—that lowest deep when she came to view a war with France not with moral repulsion, or grave apprehension, but with sheer terror, and that at a moment when she was really capable, not merely of offering vigorous resistance, but of showing overwhelming superiority. Since those days England has been sometimes wrong-headed; she never again became contemptible."

M. DE MONTESQUIOU'S VERSE.

"Le Parcours du Rêve au Souvenir." Par le Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fézensac. Paris: Charpentier. 1895.

THE Poet of the Bats persists in the publication of his great work in verse, on which, he assures us, he has been engaged for the last fifteen years, and his "troisième ouvrage carminal" has appeared under the formidable title of "Le Parcours du Rêve au Souvenir." As his intentions can never be confidently divined or described except from his own indications and in his own words, we had better let it at once be understood that "Quelques-unes des momentanéités graphiques et descriptives qui séparent et rejoignent l'aller et le retour, le point de départ et le lieu d'arrivée, l'idée préconçue, l'idéal préventif et la perspective du but visé toujours différente de la mémoire que nous laisse la région visitée; les trajets et les séjours, les relais et les étapes entre les élans et les termes, les envois et les repos, tel est ce *Parcours*, voilà ce Livre." It is clear now (is it not?) that we have a book of travel-pictures: "voici de nouveaux et singuliers Reisebilder," as M. de Heredia tells us in his subtly ironical preface, which says so much and so little, which was no doubt so pleasing to M. de Montesquiou, and which, for quite other reasons, is so pleasant to us. First we have "Klôchers: Bretonnances"; then "Molen: Néerlandises"; then "Néves: Engadinages et Suisséries"; then, "Gondola: Venezianeries"; next, "Mist: Londonismes"; and, finally, "Palmes: Algérienne." The very titles are intended to convey a certain sense of local colour, and, with the same intention, each section is appropriately inscribed, the English one to Lady Archibald Campbell, for instance, the Venetian one to Mr. Whistler. Local colour seems, indeed, to have been the main concern of M. de Montesquiou in this poetical Baedeker. How far he has suc-

ceeded will at once be evident if we turn to the section devoted to

"Ce Londres que les Anglais nomment London"—how curious a caprice on their part! There we read of "Walter crâne,"

"Et combien de Rosseti,
Et de Dante Gabriel!"

We read also of

"un décor élu de ronce et de broussaille
Par Crane et Jones-Burne
Où tressaille
Du Swinburne."

A poem entitled "His Grace" describes the charms of the Duchess of Leinster,

"Avec cette lèvre énorme
Comme il n'en put exister."

And can local colour go further than this?

"Des brumes
Des rhumes.
Des cabs
De Mabs."

We scrupulously preserve the author's punctuation, as well as his spelling; both have their interest in the psychological study of

"Ces vieilles mille-une nuits
Débap—dépoë-tisées,"

as the author describes his poems, with a charming and characteristic disregard of his own language, probably intended to show that his disregard of other languages is entirely "without prejudice." In the section devoted to Brittany the local colour is obtained after this fashion:

"Plouzevéde, Pleuc, Plogonnec,
Plourivo, Plourin, Ploufragan;
Ploudalmazeau, Ploubazlannec,
Plouguerneau, Plouha, Plouguescan."

Evidently M. de Montesquiou is a careful traveller, who notes on the spot his "impressions d'élite," as he defines them. Here is the opening, for instance, of a poem, which will carry instant conviction to every sensitive memory:

"Buvettes,
Cuvettes,
C'est au
Bateau."

Is there not a satisfying simplicity, a simplicity profoundly expressive, in these four lines, which the most robust or the most sentimental traveller can scarcely fail to realize? Turn the page, and we find yet another "impression d'élite," of a like simplicity and sincerity:

"On était nombreux
Au départ, là-haut;
On ne sait pourquoi,
Bien peu reparaissent pour dîner."

It is by the frankness of such details that M. de Montesquiou becomes human; it is by such indications that we know he has learnt in suffering what he teaches in song.

"Je me trouve triste
D'être touriste,"

he laments, elsewhere; and his ennui is sympathetically contagious. The whole book, four hundred pages long, might be described as the confessions of a tourist who has seen everything and nothing; a gentleman who travels "à la moderne, en sleeping, en yacht," with his eyes carefully fixed on his guide-book and his note-book; who is so anxious to make verses about what he has seen that he forgets to look at what there is to see, and prefers to remember that "Jones-Burne" is the name of an English painter; who is, in short, equally incapable of receiving an impression visually and of rendering it in words. M. de Montesquiou, who imagines himself to be receiving those "impressions d'élite," of which he talks like a bourgeois, is really, all the time, taking absolutely the bourgeois point of view, and, for all his tossing about of words, giving to those impressions absolutely the bourgeois expression. He is a pathetic example of that impotent desire to be something exquisitely abnormal, which, at the present moment, has taken possession of so many commonplace minds. To write verses of three syllables, to print

"Albert-Victor-Edward-Christian de Clarence"

as a line of verse, to invent awkward barbarities of language; all that is exactly on a level with the forced jokes of the commercial traveller who does not voyage

"en sleeping, en yacht," nor with Ariel and Caliban, but for prosaic necessities of business, and whom M. de Montesquiou would probably, and rightly, take as the type of the commonplace in nature. He cannot see that his own pursuit of the picturesque is to the full as business-like, his eccentricities of verse to the full as trivial; that he is, in short, only a rhyming commercial traveller.

TRAVEL AND TOURING.

"Three Months in the Forests of France." By Margaret Stokes. London: George Bell & Sons. 1895.

"North-Western France (Normandy and Brittany)." By Augustus J. C. Hare. London: George Allen. 1895.

"Appenzell: a Swiss Study." By Irving B. Richman, Consul-General of the United States in Switzerland. London: Longmans & Co. 1895.

"With the Yacht, Camera, and Cycle in the Mediterranean." By the Earl of Cavan, K.P. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1895.

IN the "Three Months in the Forests of France" Miss Stokes continues her pious, æsthetic, and artistic pilgrimages. She has a superabundance of antiquarian and archæological lore, and is mistress, moreover, of a fascinating style, which gives interest to details in themselves dry and dull. In every work of the kind the difficulty is to distinguish the strictly historical element from the mythical or mystical. There are solid historical facts to go upon regarding the rise and spread of early Christianity, as is conclusively demonstrated in an able article in the latest "Quarterly." The results of recent excavations in France, as in Western Asia, go far to confirm, not only the Scriptural narrative, but the fragmentary remains of the writings of Fathers and Bishops. Tradition has always been busy with the memories of illustrious saints, and a luxurious growth of religious romance has gathered round the incidents of the successful mission work which has often been rewarded with the crown of martyrdom. The zealous champions of the Cross dreamed strange dreams and saw transcendental visions, which seem to have had their source in the profound impressions made by the book of the Apocalypse. They healed the sick; they raised the dead; and they habitually wrought such trivial miracles as sometimes stagger even the orthodox in the story of Elisha. What is certain is that they left material evidences of their triumphs in disseminating Christianity among the heathen. We see how churches and convents were reared on the sites of temples to the Pagan deities, and the signs and proofs of their great successes have been disinterred from beneath the wrecks of the ravages of Huns, Goths, and Vandals. It seems strange that a barbarous island of the far West should have been the radiating centre of the lights of religion and civilization which illuminated France. But following on the traces of St. Columba and St. Fursa, Miss Stokes clearly demonstrates the influence of those saintly Celtic enthusiasts, not only on creeds and opinions, but on the arts and on rudimentary science. They sent forth enthusiastic proselytes to teach and preach; they founded monastic schools of the prophets; they coerced warlike monarchs by spiritual terrors, or won them to theoretical recognition of the Gospel precepts by the promise of everlasting bliss; and, above all, in the shelter of a dominant Church they offered some sort of refuge to the helpless and oppressed. There were the saintly adventurers, who instituted that right of sanctuary which from an inexpressible blessing grew to be an intolerable abuse. Nor, although austere in their principles and unflinching in their faith, did they neglect the lighter and more graceful arts. The enamelling of church vessels and the illumination of manuscripts and missals, all served for the glorification of the Gospel. And among the striking photographs of rich ecclesiastical architecture which adorn the pages of this volume are many illustrations of the curiosities and rarities of mediæval art that lie neglected in provincial cathedrals or museums. The title of the book is somewhat of a misnomer. Many of the most interesting sites which were visited in France are no longer hidden in forests; and not the least noteworthy and suggestive of Miss

Stokes's investigations embrace the wild districts in Western Island, whence the saints whom she celebrates set forth on their missions.

Mr. Augustus Hare is fortunate in having struck out a line of his own which gives him a pleasurable object in life and which is greatly for the benefit of his travelling countrymen. His volumes approximate more to the ordinary guide than they used to do, and they are all the better for that. But they are intended less for the flying tourist than for the dilettante of cultivated tastes who enjoys ample leisure. They stimulate to study or pander to indolence, as the case may be, by giving seductive quotations from the best books of reference. Thus in "Through Brittany" we are reminded, if we need the reminder, that the introduction to Michelet's "History of France" is one of the most picturesque and graphic pieces of descriptive writing in the French language. We have frequent extracts from the "Derniers Bretons," a work that Émile Souvestre, drawing from the fund of his personal and patriotic reminiscences, made a treasury of old Breton legends and superstitions. And for the superstitions of the Breton, as well as for his devotional spirit, Montalembert and Chateaubriand are both pressed into service. To the Englishman, Brittany and Normandy are the most interesting provinces of France. They abound in castles, churches and ruined abbeys, in the most romantic streams, in the most savage forest scenery, and, above all, in the historical associations which are interwoven with early English history. These various attractions will always remain. But Mr. Hare reminds us that in the course of the last twenty years the primitive costumes and customs of Brittany have well-nigh disappeared; and on the other hand, we gather from his frequent commendation of the inns that the tourist who loves his comforts may find consolation for the vanishing of the picturesque. Mr. Hare is to be praised for an unusual gift of proportion and perspective. While for the most part his remarks must necessarily be succinct, he very wisely deals at greater length with such world-renowned Minsters as those of Rouen and Chartres, or with such nurseries of religious life as the Abbeys of Bec and Port Royal. Nor need we add that the pages are brightened as usual by a variety of cleverly sketched vignettes.

In his "Appenzell," the Consul-General of the United States has put one of the smallest of the Cantons under a microscope. Apparently, Appenzell has been a favourite residence of his for the *villeggiatura*; he has thoroughly informed himself as to everything connected with the little community, and the monograph is exhaustive. The representative of the biggest republic on earth has a natural sympathy with republican institutions. He tells of the mountaineers' struggles for liberty; of the series of little wars, revolts, and *émeutes* in which they shook themselves free from the yoke of the princely abbots of St. Gall; of leagues of amity and bitter feuds with their Swiss neighbours; and of the process of gravitation by which they were finally drawn into the Swiss Federation. One peculiarity in Appenzell is that, small though the Canton may be, it has nevertheless been always subdivided. Ausser-Rhoden is Catholic, and Inner-Rhoden, which is Protestant, only covers a superficies of sixty square miles. Consequently their political and religious inclinations have often clashed. But when they joined their forces to repel invasion, we are reminded of the causes to which the sturdy Swiss highlanders are indebted for their independence. Their rugged mountains did not tempt foreign cupidity; only small local armies, for the most part, were mustered against them; and defiles almost impenetrable were the sole approaches to virtually impregnable natural fortresses. Mr. Richman represents the tiny Canton as an ideal pastoral paradise for the contented spirit and the untravelling native. There are no rich and very few poor. The expenses of administration are exceedingly moderate, as the Landamman only receives forty dollars a year. That high office may be supposed to be partly honorary; but the best paid of his professional subordinates has only two hundred dollars for salary. A prime cow fetches nearly as much. The wealth of the inhabitants, such as it is, is in their cattle and goats; the chief export trade is in cheeses; and manufactures are mainly represented by the hand-embroidery, in which

the women have always excelled. The climate is equable and on the average comparatively temperate; the people generally die of old age, and medical skill must be at a discount, for the doctor's ordinary fee is from ninepence to eighteenpence.

Lord Cavan's little book, with its practical notes, must prove exceedingly useful to the yachtsman in the Mediterranean. He has no love for the storm-tossed Bay of Biscay, or the Gulf of Lyons, and with his party of four young ladies he joined his yacht at Gibraltar. He considers the Roseneath, of 200 tons, "the best sea-boat afloat." Zealous cyclist as he may be, he or the ladies were apparently more successful with the camera. The letterpress is succinct, but the volume is enriched with a profusion of admirable and effective photographs. We see the Rock of Gibraltar or the Monte Pelligno looming in the distance through the haze; there are views of the entrances to the ports, and of the lively scenes in the harbours; of the riverine cities with their picturesque backgrounds; of the beauties of the semi-tropical African coast and the balmy Ionian Isles; of the antiquities of Athens, Pæstum, and Pompeii. Lord Cavan pronounces Biserta the finest harbour in the world. He gives the prices of coal, water and provisions at the various places where he touched, with valuable hints as to pilotage and towing. He grumbles, as a Briton is bound to grumble, at the shameless venality of Spanish and Italian custom-house officials, and he complains with reason of the exorbitant import dues at Corfu, which must effectually kill all foreign trade. As for cycling, the duties on disembarking machines differ greatly at different ports. It is of the less consequence since, as we are told, bicycles may be bought or hired anywhere. But we gather from the book, as indeed we should have expected, that unless the cyclist is an enthusiast like Lord Cavan, it would be wise to leave his machine at home. Roughly paved suburban streets and rugged roads running over the steep spurs of the Sierras and the Apennines are unfavourable to smooth and swift locomotion, and they must be terribly trying to the most angelic temper. Lord Cavan's volume is well worth reading; it is both interesting and practically useful.

FICTION.

"A Hard Woman." By Violet Hunt. London: Chapman & Hall. 1895.

"The Coming of Theodora." By Eliza Orne White. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1895.

"A HARD Woman" would be a wonderfully clever book from most women writers, but its cleverness simply justifies our expectation of Miss Violet Hunt. The heroine is really brilliantly drawn, and drawn with a vivid malignity that is keenly enjoyable. The form of the book—an interlacing of "scenes," which are either narrative, or formal or informal dialogue—though evidently experimental, is a huge improvement on the conventional division into chapters. The weak part of the story is the treatment of the heroine's foil, Neville, a doll of the cheapest description, a model who becomes an actress "unbeknownst," and on a first night astonishes the man she loves. It is a situation you can scarcely open a penny novelette without coming upon, and one that Miss Violet Hunt might certainly have spared us. But we bear with her saint's perfections and triumphs willingly enough for the sake of her sinner's excellence. Mrs. Munday would redeem a Lowther Arcadeful of virtuous heroines. Her vanity, vulgarity, infidelity, and disasters are all perfectly human and credible, and you never forget, even when she is at her worst, that she is a living creature capable of pain. The "Anne" of "John Oliver Hobbes," in many respects a similar character and with a similar doll foil, suffers in comparison, for Miss Violet Hunt's outlook is altogether broader and more human. "The Coming of Theodora," too, is excellent reading, a brilliantly written account of the raid of a tidy, energetic sister-in-law upon a thoughtless, happy household, and the delicate attempts of her brother and his wife to marry her off or otherwise relieve themselves of the undesirable benefit of her assistance.

REVIEWS.

GOLD FROM A POET'S TREASURY.

"Poems of Pathos and Delight." From the works of
Coventry Patmore. Selected by Alice Meynell.
London: William Heinemann. 1896.

MRS. MEYNELL has exceptional qualifications for the work she has undertaken. She is herself a poet, and is deeply in sympathy with Mr. Patmore's religious philosophy, as well as able to appreciate that consummate mastery of diction and metre which is his when he is at his best. Her preface is written in prose of rare distinction. Her criticism is enthusiastic yet discriminating. Her purpose has been to give, not a dazzling array of the most striking excerpts, but a simple collection of passages that deal with delight and sorrow, passions universally intelligible, and therefore likely to appeal to a wide circle of readers, to whom Mr. Patmore's later and more difficult work is little known.

Mrs. Meynell's success is unquestionable. The passages from "The Unknown Eros" volume occupy a foremost position in the collection. They will be new to many, if not to most, of the wide circle in England and in America to whom "The Angel in the House" is familiar and dear. The concise and polished quatrains of the earlier portion of this popular poem; the easy octosyllabics of "The Victories of Love," with their frequent metrical reminiscences of Crashaw's "Santa Teresa"; the general attraction of the story; the simple diction, with its somewhat perilous colloquialism, have made "The Angel of the House" popular with hundreds of thousands of readers whom the deeper and more difficult thought and higher and harder metrical achievement of the Odes would not improbably repel. Yet surely there is a place to be found in the affections of the most refined and intense minds of the religious world of England and America for more profound religious thought, more passionate spiritual aspiration than are discoverable elsewhere, at all events in contemporary literature; thought and aspiration, moreover, that find an unstudied dignity and lofty simplicity of expression which reveal them as a lovely face may reveal a lovely soul. As examples take from Mrs. Meynell's anthology the following lines from "Victory in Defeat," God's speech to the soul:

"The man who, though his fights be all defeats,
Still fights,
Enters at last
The heavenly Jerusalem's rejoicing streets
With glory more, and more triumphant rites
Than always-conquering Joshua's, when his blast
The frightened walls of Jericho down cast;
And, lo, the glad surprise
Of peace beyond surmise,
More than in common Saints, for ever in his
eyes."

Or this answer of the soul to God's invitation:

"No, no; I will not promise any more!
Yet, when I feel my hour is come to die,
And so I am secured of continence,
Then may I say, though haply then in vain,
My only, only Love, O, take me back again."

Or this from the Ode "To the Unknown Eros":

"And whence
This rapture of the sense
Which by thy whisper bid,
Reveres with obscure rite and sacramental sign
A bond I know not of nor dimly can divine;
This subject loyalty which longs
For chains and thongs
Woven of gossamer and adamant,
To bind me to my unguess'd want,
And so to lie
Between those quivering plumes that thro' fine
ether pant
For hopeless, sweet eternity?"

Or this glimpse of the high vision of the redemptive power of love from "Deliciæ Sapientiæ de Amore," a poem the philosophy of which ought to be studied by every moralist and theologian, as the poetry by every man of letters:

"Gaze without blame
Ye in whom living Love yet blushes for dead
shame.
There of pure virgins none
Is fairer seen,
Save One,
Than Mary Magdalene."

The Divine Love, the love of the human soul and the Divine over-soul, is interpreted with marvellous insight and spiritual passion in the great Odes which deal with this august subject. Mrs. Meynell gives several passages which alone would entitle their author to a place by himself among the makers of the religious poetry of the century. Such are "Sponsa Dei" and "To the Body," in which a profound sacramental view of marriage, of the physical as the fitting vesture of the spiritual, is set forth with marvellous insight and felicity and rare fervour of faith. The penetrating vision into human nature, the daring range of the thought, the pure, spiritual passion, as reverent as it is intense, give to Mr. Patmore's great religious poems a value which the *curiosa felicitas* of the diction, the natural magic of the metre, the unfailing note of distinction alone could never give. What theologian has ever brought the Divine Fatherhood near to us, and made childlike trust in the All-Father's compassion reasonable to us, as the pathetic poem which ends thus:

"Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood,
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou 'lt leave Thy wrath and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'"

Among our many poetical voices, strongly agnostic or feebly orthodox, the one authentic and independent religious voice which speaks with the authority that belongs to a living and breathing theology is that of Mr. Patmore; and those who appreciate this, his highest claim to influence, will do well to supplement their study of his religious poems with the study of how the "loving hint" of doctrine has "met the longing guess" of those souls who "have so believed in the Unseen that it has become visible," in that rich treasure-house of rediscovered religious and moral truths, "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower," Mr. Coventry Patmore's most profound and most valuable work in prose.

We have spoken first and at some length about the poems that deal directly with the Divine Love because they are the most valuable and the least known portions of his work; but in truth his religious philosophy permeates all his work as sunshine penetrates a cloud, as he himself tells us:

"For, lo, the Elect
Of generous Love, how nam'd see'er, affect
Nothing but God,
Or mediate or direct,
Nothing but God."

It is fitting that the great interpreter of the Divine Love should have been first the interpreter of the love of man and wife, of the meaning and the essential characteristics of true marriage. Shallow critics have jeered at Mr. Patmore's earlier work "The Angel in the House," able to find in it nothing not commonplace and conventional; and it may be admitted that it lends itself very readily to parody, as was felt by that most brilliant of parodists, as of living poets and critics, the author of the *Heptalogia*. Ruskin perceived this when he wrote of "The Victories of Love": "Enemies among reviewers could do frightful things with it, but it will conquer in time." But against the attacks of the shallower reviewers we may set the opinions of some of Mr. Patmore's contemporaries. Here is Ruskin's opinion, only one of many expressions of the same conviction: "You cannot read him too often or too carefully; as far as I know, he is the only living poet who always strengthens and purifies: the others sometimes darken and nearly always depress and discourage the imagination they deeply seize." This opinion was published in 1867 before the appearance of "The Unknown Eros," or "Amelia," and refers to "The Angel in the House." The highest authority on the same poem or poems is Dante Gabriel Rossetti,

whose criticism seems to have inspired some of Mrs. Meynell's remarks in her preface: "As poetry, the whole" [of "The Espousals," a section of "The Angel in the House"] "is simply admirable, and ought not to be talked of from the technical point of view, being too complete as art to need entering upon in that way." After Rossetti's sympathetic and generous criticism, which is only what might have been expected from the author of his great sonnet sequence on the high mystery of married love, it may not be necessary, but it is interesting, to recall Walter Savage Landor's: "Never was anything more tender. I rejoice that Poetry has come out again." Landor, himself a master of pathos conveyed in simplest words, was well qualified to estimate the value of Mr. Patmore's pathetic and passionate poetry. Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, found in Patmore "the only worthy rival of Petrarch," while Carlyle, a better judge of the matter than the manner, speaks of "the execution and conception full of delicacy, truth, and graceful simplicity, high, ingenious, fine." It is interesting, too, to remember that Leigh Hunt, the friend of Keats, lived long enough to know and recognize the earlier poetry of Coventry Patmore, and that Emerson was an enthusiastic admirer.

The fact is that in taking such a subject as that treated in "The Angel in the House," Mr. Patmore took deliberately a subject of extraordinary difficulty. To make interesting the commonplace circumstances and conventional limitations of modern English courtship and marriage was a sufficiently bold undertaking. But to go on into the happy and uneventful after-life of man and wife, and interpret it at great length, was an undertaking from which an experienced novelist might well have shrunk. Mr. Patmore's daring, however, was justified by his success. It has been said that there is no such thing as passion in "The Angel in the House," whereas the warm life-blood of passion, the stronger because it is under control, throbs through the whole poem. Mr. Patmore's muse is pure; but no more prudish than it is prurient. His relation to the advocate of passion outside the marriage law somewhat resembles that of the gamekeeper to the poacher. Gamekeeper and poacher alike have a passion for sport, but the gamekeeper respects and observes the law, and is an enemy of the poacher, who delights to break it. Mr. Patmore, in short, is in favour of using this life as not abusing it. His view of life, and his interpretation of it, is profoundly religious, and at the same time frankly natural. He applies the sentiment of the ideal life to the normal life, and shows how it is possible and in accordance with our nature to bring the normal into conformity to the ideal. Hence there is a high moral value in his work which has won unstinted acknowledgment from Mr. Ruskin, who, however, seems to know only "The Angel in the House."

We have purposely confined our quotations to Mr. Patmore's later and less known poems, though passages from the earlier poems, full of insight and wisdom exquisitely expressed, crowd to the memory. The interpretation of the outward world is not with Mr. Patmore an object in itself, but he uses it effectively if frugally to help towards his real object, the interpretation of the moral and spiritual laws of our nature. In "Amelia" he comes nearest to modern landscape-painting:

"And, 'gainst the clear sky cold,

Great chestnuts reared themselves abroad like
cliffs of bloom";

while numerous fine comparisons testify to the seeing eye that misses nothing beautiful in Nature, as, for example, the fine passage ending thus:

"And so the whole
Unfathomable and immense
Triumphing tide comes at the last to reach
And burst in wind-kiss'd splendours on the
deaf'ning beach,
Where forms of children in first innocence
Laugh and fling pebbles on the rainbow'd crest
Of its untired unrest."

The Laureateship is still unfilled, and there is a great deal more to be said for than against the abolition of an office which is really an awkward survival in this modern world of ours; but if we must have a

Laureate, there is no one better fitted for the post than Mr. Patmore. There are good reasons why Mr. Swinburne and Mr. William Morris would not care to accept the Laureateship, and so among the greater poets there is no one left except Mr. Patmore. It would be a graceful and a wise thing if Lord Salisbury, should he decide against the abolition of the office, were to offer to this great religious poet and noble moralist an office which Mr. Patmore, a staunch Conservative and lover of the old order, could accept without any loss of dignity. This would save the appointment from the jostling and conceited crowd of minor poets and poetasters who are struggling for it; while it would mark the growth of faith and the decline of unfaith in our time that the author of "the Unknown Eros" should be the Laureate of a nation at heart so deeply religious as our own.

ONE CHEER MORE!

"The Relief of Chitral." By Captains G. F. and Frank E. Younghusband. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

THE interest of this publication has been altogether anticipated by Mr. Thomson's recent book on the same subject. Little or nothing remains to be said about the relief of Chitral which may not be found in Mr. Thomson's pages. Apart from this, too, the events with which it deals are rapidly receding into the past. The only end which this book can now serve is to help in keeping alive a little longer the temporary outburst of national enthusiasm which has assisted in giving effect to the new frontier policy. So long as the shouting can be kept up, it will be hard for quiet men to get a hearing. To this end Captain Frank Younghusband redelivered last week at the Imperial Institute the lecture which he had already read at the United Service Institution. To this end Lord Lansdowne, who is the Great Panjandrum of the forward policy, took the chair on that occasion, described the conduct of the defenders of Chitral as Homeric, and suggested it as a fit subject for an epic. To this end his military listeners cheered him to the echo. Language of hyperbole, such as Lord Lansdowne allowed himself to use, though it may make the unskilful shout, cannot but make the judicious grieve. Soldiers who are fighting for their lives in a tight place are simply doing what duty and self-preservation dictate. The thing has been done ten thousand times before, in far more difficult conditions than those of the Chitral garrison, and will be done tens of thousands of times again. Time was when Englishmen did these things, and more than these things, and neither made nor expected others to make much fuss about it. But it is just at present the aim of the little group who have piloted the forward policy to keep the British public up to shouting pitch. One cheer more, and possibly another large portion of independent territory may be assimilated; enthusiasm must in any case be kept as near as may be to boiling point, for events are hurrying on to their next phase, and no one has the faintest conception what the next phase is likely to be. Whether the British lion will lie down with the tribal lamb, or, as the proverb has it, outside him, must be determined in the course of the ensuing months. Interest has now turned from the past to the future. The curtain will rise again very shortly on the second act. Meanwhile, it is the immediate business of the noble conductor, and of his orchestra, of the big drum, of the cornet, of the trombone, the fiddle, and the rest, to keep themselves and the audience up to the level of the performance. National airs and national epics, inspiring marches and martial music, form the programme. This book of the brothers Younghusband is a part of it, and is intended to "enthuse" the public during the *entr'acte*.

On one point at least we can agree with what is said in the pages before us. "The much controverted question of the retention and abandonment of Chitral having been settled, it would be wearisome to reiterate the various arguments for and against its occupation." No doubt. But this being so, it is a matter of some surprise to find that the weakest of those arguments are here selected for reiteration. "The Government considered," the Younghusbands write, "that a withdrawal from Chitral

would involve a serious loss of prestige, and they recognized that, in dealing with Asiatic peoples, prestige cannot be lightly disregarded." In the first place, this argument is beside the mark. Prestige may or may not be an argument for our remaining in Chitral. But it could furnish no ground whatever for retaining in our possession so much of the road between Chitral and the British frontier as lies within Swat territory. In the next place, there are more roads than one to Chitral; and our prestige might have been maintained by the occupation of Chitral without exposing ourselves to the charge of violating our engagements with the Swatis. The weakest point of a weak situation is that, to maintain national prestige, we have broken the national faith. Whatever may be the case as regards Chitral, the assurances given to the tribes in the proclamation of the Government of India of 14 March were unequivocal and without reserve. "The Government of India has no intention of permanently occupying any territory through which Umra Khan's misconduct may now force them to pass, or of interfering with the independence of the tribes." What, then, about the company of British sappers to be permanently maintained on the Malakand Pass? What about the battalion to be permanently stationed to guard the Swat river? The joint authors of the "Relief of Chitral" are evidently conscious of this weak point in their position, and they try to turn it by characteristic methods. First, they assure us that the Swatis are not really a warlike race, but are rather cultivators and traders than soldiers. This, however, is obviously beside the point at issue, and, in fact, tends to make matters worse. So they add: "By working for the British during the occupation, they had earned large sums of money; and as they have always been treated with justice and consideration by the British officers, they preferred, and asked, that the British troops should remain in their country." Did they? We should like to see the evidence for this, and to be permitted to judge for ourselves of its character. We seem to have met with something like this assurance before, in the "Times" telegrams from Simla. Lord Lansdowne spoke at the United Service Institution to similar effect, though he admitted that it is the British officer rather than the British or Indian soldier whom the tribesmen are longing to take to their hearts. We all know that your British officer in India when occasion calls for it can roar as gently as any sucking-dove; and that at this moment the word has passed round that he is to coo in his most dulcet tones. But if ever there was a typical British officer in the Indian army it was the late Sir Charles Macgregor; and this is what, in his journey through Khorasan, he had to say as to the results of contact between barbarous tribes and civilized governments: "When a civilized power takes up a frontier close to a race of such turbulent ruffians as the Turkman, the Jamshidis, Huzarabs, and other tribes within the Afghan border, and when that State is believed to have aggressive tendencies, complications must arise, raids and counter-raids will be committed; explanations and redress will be asked for; and, as is characteristic of all Oriental chiefs, never fully or frankly given. Then satisfaction will be taken . . . and there will again be as much, nay, more, reason for a further advance, as there has been hitherto" (vol. ii. p. 245). Sir Charles Macgregor was referring to Russia; but what he writes is equally applicable to our own case now that we have taken to imitating Russia's frontier policy. All that can be said at present, *pace* the brothers Younghusband, in regard to the first plea cited above is that, if the Swatis are not really a warlike race, they are past-masters at concealing their characteristics. For the last fifty years they have been noted as exceptionally fanatical, and have repeatedly fought against us. The leopard may yet change his spots, and crave admittance to the watchdog's kennel. But we should like to have better evidence of this than the assurances of the Younghusbands, or Lord Lansdowne's rhetorical periods. Then, "as to the larger sums of money," it is to be remembered that though the Swati may be glad of a British occupation when accompanied with British silver, if the occupation continues, and the silver comes to an end, this sentiment will pretty certainly change. A company of sappers at the Malakand Pass, and a battalion at the Swat river, will not have much loose cash to lavish among the Swatis. No

doubt the Government of India is behind the whole affair, and if it likes to fling the bread of Indian ryots into Swat bellies, the presence of its troops in Swat may be for a while tolerated. Still, in the long run, as Sir Charles Macgregor wrote, "complications must arise"; and in such a case, they are quite as likely to arise on the home as on the foreign side of the Indian frontier.

Another statement of the brothers Younghusband calls for a few words of criticism and remonstrance. The plans of the forward party have been carried out with a sagacity and a dexterity that do infinite credit to the chiefs who have directed it. Until the Chitral explosion took place, few even in India knew how carefully the train had been laid. Little by little, the Indian and British public have been led up to the obstacle which had to be cleared, and incredible pains have been taken to conceal the real nature of the operation. In no respect has greater skill been shown than in the art of putting things. Again, no apter illustration of this could be given than the mode in which the claims of Kashmir are trotted out in the book before us. "It would be unjustifiable to ignore our pledges [to Kashmir] to preserve the suzerainty of Chitral," write the Younghusbands; and so base our claims to Chitral on a sentiment of loyalty to the State of Kashmir. Save me from my friends, might be the comment of the Kashmir Maharaja. Having seen his own government practically pass into British hands, he can feel but little anxiety as to his claims of suzerainty over neighbours. Every one at all conversant with the subject knows perfectly well that Kashmir has become since 1889 a puppet in British hands, and that to write of pledges to maintain the suzerainty of Kashmir over vassal States is nonsense nowadays. If we went to Chitral it was for our own sakes, not from any tenderness for our plighted word to Kashmir. Kashmir has now no separate existence, and therefore no interests which are not our own. It has been itself swallowed up as the first measure necessary to Lord Lansdowne's foreign policy. It was required as a base from which a line could be drawn from the north-west to meet the line approaching from Quetta and the south-east. In process of drawing that line it was found necessary to pass through Chitral. That, and nothing else, "is the humour of it." To join the two lines, it will still be necessary to pass through Yaghistan. Therefore, sooner or later, Yaghistan will be occupied, as Chitral has been. To talk, indeed, of "unjustifiable" conduct on our part towards Kashmir is to tread on very delicate ground, which our gallant authors will be well advised in keeping away from. If a strong man armed entered into your house, and contended that it would be unjustifiable to ignore your claims to neighbouring cottages, you would beg him to satisfy his soul with pillage but to refrain at least from professions of concern for your right of property in adjoining tenements.

However, for the present the new frontier policy—the policy initiated by Sir Robert Sandeman, endorsed by Lord Roberts, and adopted by Lord Lansdowne—has triumphed. We have advanced all along the line. Prestige, we are assured, has been revived; territory acquired; success secured. By-and-by, perhaps, we shall have to pay the bill. But as to that we are told that we need not greatly trouble ourselves. That is the business of the Indian Finance Minister and the Indian tax-payer. Let them settle it between themselves. If India is to be defended from Russian territory, she should be proud, it is argued, to be allowed to furnish all the funds which may be necessary to that end. Should India reply that when it comes to stripping her to the skin, it matters little whether Russia or Great Britain be her master, that merely proves Eastern ingratitude. Such is the "forward" way of looking at things. It was not Lawrence's way; but Lawrence is dead, and turned, like imperial Cæsar, to clay.

BOOK-HUNTING.

"The Book-Hunter in London." By W. Roberts.
London: Elliot Stock. 1895.

THE vulgarization of literature goes on apace amongst us, and this pretentious volume is a fresh example of it. The love of books is one of those sequestered

virtues which, we had supposed, might coexist with some foppery and some affectation in the weaker brethren, but could hardly be identified with gross tastelessness. We doubt, however, as we close Mr. Roberts' great dust-heap of a compilation, whether he possesses, in any true sense, the love of books. As we turn from his last ponderous page, we ask ourselves whether we recollect in what sentence we have read a single word which displays appreciation of the beauty of type, or condition, or binding, a single hint of the philosophy of bibliophily, a single proof of bibliographical knowledge or experience, and we fail to recall anything of the kind. The book is a vast kitchen-midden of old, stale stories, recapitulations of prices (without any hint of the causes or excuses for those prices), catalogues of living booksellers, the ancient, wearisome gossip about "knock-outs," ignorant cataloguers, comic almanacs, and Heaven knows what. That the science of Dibdin and Burton, Naudé and Brunet, should have sunken into hands like these, is pitiable indeed.

Of Mr. Roberts' taste and knowledge examples meet us at every turn. We open his book at random, and read that in 1795 George III. took the works of Voltaire, Temple, Swift, and Addison down to Weymouth with him. "These books," says Mr. Roberts, "can scarcely be regarded as light literature [nothing had been said about "light literature"], and, if anything [*sic*], calculated to add to the deadly dullness of a seaside retreat." What may Mr. Roberts consider would have shown in the King a more fastidious taste? We turn the page, and meet with an example of the author's skill in comparative criticism:

"The rise and progress of what Sir Egerton Brydges calls 'the black letter mania' gave the death-blow to the long-cherished school of poetry of which Pope may be taken as the most distinguished exponent."

To imagine that a great revolution in poetry was brought about by the competition of certain wealthy amateurs for specimens from the presses of Pynson and Wynkyn de Worde is as funny an idea as we have lately met with. To exemplify his literary knowledge, we may point to Mr. Roberts' remarks, a page or two further on, respecting John Payne Collier and his famous "Notes and Emendations." There is no word to show that Mr. Roberts has the faintest idea what those emendations were, that they were certainly forgeries, or that a controversy raged about their existence. The book is such a thing of rags and snippets that it is difficult to find a sentence which may be confidently attributed to the compiler, but when he does venture to speak in his own person, he rewards us. When he wants to say that a certain lady did not marry a gentleman who was long her close friend, he says, "It was rumoured at one time that [Richard Heber] was engaged to Miss Currer, but the event did not transpire." We have marked innumerable instances of things of this kind, but these typical examples will suffice. People whom it gratifies to learn that Mr. Clement Shorter possesses "William Watson's 'Lachrymæ Musarum' on vellum," that Mr. Norman "has gone to the extravagance of two sets of first editions of Thomas Hardy's books," that "Aldines *probably* form one of the largest sections" of a Mr. Toovey's library, and that the collection of Mr. Christie-Miller "is *understood* to include many choice books," will find a great deal of information of this spirit-stirring order in Mr. Roberts' congested pages. But we may confidently say that the genuine book-lover will find nothing, not a story, not an important record of prices, that he did not know before, and that his taste will be affronted by a whole mass of trumpery chatter that he was well contented not to know.

A LENT IN LONDON.

"A Lent in London": a course of Sermons on Social Subjects, organized by the London Branch of the Christian Social Union, and preached in the churches of St. Edmund, Lombard Street, and St. Mary-le-Strand, during Lent, 1895. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1895.

THERE are very few volumes of sermons among the number of those that are published that attain to distinction or have any right to distinction. If one runs them over mentally, one finds at once how few they are:

Butler's sermons at the Rolls Chapel, the sermons of Robertson of Brighton, some of Liddon's, of Newman's, of Maurice's, of Phillips Brooks', to take the names of the first that occur: how meagre, how poor a show in comparison with the hundreds that are printed! It is, of course, not in the least surprising or unnatural that the case should stand thus, inasmuch as clergymen have no special gifts of thought or eloquence; no more surprising than that all the members of the House of Commons should not be orators of the calibre of Bright or Gladstone. For, in fact, the ordinary preacher, like the ordinary member of Parliament, cannot and does not represent more than the average level of thought common to the ordinary cultured and intelligent men of his time; he is most often the product of his age, informed with its spirit, limited by its limitations. We are not saying that this is the ideal state of things; indeed, we think it is very far from the ideal, but that it is the state of things few, if any, will deny. And this is exactly what constitutes the interest and significance of the sermons which have been chosen by the authorities of the Christian Social Union for publication: they are not particularly striking, upon the whole; not particularly luminous, with one or two exceptions, such as "Dogma, a Social Force," by Canon Scott Holland, and "Overpopulation," by Mr. Sarson; they exhibit no perfect mastery of form, which might compensate for other defects. But it is precisely for this reason that any one who wants to know the direction and tendency of average thought and aspiration should read them. They do not come from men who are all of one school: they are not what Hudibras calls the "meer God-dam-me rant" of revolutionaries; the point of view of the preachers often varies: we find, for example, on one page a eulogy of Establishment by the Archbishop of Canterbury (one of the weakest of the whole series), and on another an almost passionate indictment of it by Mr. Dolling: but each one of them is the outcome of a conviction that the prominent and urgent questions of our time are social, and that only the Church can supply the principles upon which they will be wisely and truly settled. The names of the preachers: dignitaries, men whose interest and work are mainly academic, country vicars, clergymen in town parishes and slum districts; men of all ages, of all tastes, from the cultured elegances of Canon Barnett to the blunt frankness of Mr. Headlam: these show that the conviction has become a commonplace. But fifteen or twenty years ago it was not so. Then there were a few men, voices crying in a wilderness, who said these things; now the whole of English society is permeated with their ideas, and it will not be long before they begin to bear fruit. Hitherto, all has been necessarily tentative, in the way of suggestion, of aspiration, rather than of action. The Christian Social Union may be congratulated upon the success of its efforts to create a favourable atmosphere of sympathy among average men for these ideas to flourish in.

AN ESSAY IN PHILOSOPHICAL HISTORY.

"The Education of the Greek People." By Thomas Davidson. London: Edward Arnold. 1895.

SAINT PAUL, in his time, drew a celebrated parallel between the Greek and Hebrew characters, a parallel which affected Matthew Arnold with extraordinary intensity, and which, through him, has profoundly influenced the modern thinker of everyday life. With Saint Paul the thing was a passing observation; with Matthew Arnold it was a polemical exaggeration; with such thinkers as Mr. Davidson it is a fundamental generalization. His book is a very remarkable example of what one might call abstract history, history in the clouds. We have scarcely a glimpse of the crowded cities of Greece: we see scarcely anything of the shabby pedagogue, the quick and confident teacher, the multitudinous rising generation, the babbling crowd of Sophists. The grey veil of cloudy abstraction, the philosophical sea-fog, flows past thick and dense, with barely a rent to show us the sunlit market-places, the busy ports, the crowded shipping on the sparkling sea. Now and then, it is true, some familiar figure passes, but with unfamiliar, Brocken-like distortions. Socrates

(page 106) is seen "with earnest eye" "watching the movements of his time," and thinking after the fashion of Mr. Davidson—but with limitations. "He does not see, and very few men have ever seen, that a social bond having its origin in universal intelligence must include every being that participates in that intelligence," and so forth, but he "showed in his life and in his death the moral value of the supernatural sense." Aristotle engages in "the endeavour to base an educational state on inductive scientific principles." Plato tries on philosophical principles. They both failed to cultivate the "supernatural sense," with which Mr. Davidson and his editor, Dr. Harris, are so familiar.

Then Mr. Davidson's haze takes the shape of a consideration of "Greek Education in Contact with the Great Eastern World"—"Great" probably for effect—and then, "with the Great Western World." We see vague and colossal cloud-forms go drifting by, a "religious principle" (per Great Eastern) struggling with "Greek thought," a "gospel-crowned Hellenism," almost raising mankind to "that moral autonomy which Socrates had promised," had it only "been content to wear its crown with meekness." ("Instead of this, however, it continually tried to rend it, to cast it aside, and to substitute for it the Bacchic wreath of abstract naturalism.") The book is addressed not to scholars or specialists, but to "that large body of teachers throughout the country" who wish to invest their teaching with "sublime import." It is possible that very serious teachers indeed may find some gratification in following the cloudy dance of Mr. Davidson and his Hellenisms "in Bacchic wreaths of abstract naturalism," his Neoplatonic Church arrayed in Aristotelianism, and the rest of the wonderful company with which he pursues his melancholy way. But one must be a very serious person indeed to take this serious, scholarly, and philosophical little book as a serious contribution to educational literature. It is very profound in its tone, very unreadable; it defines nothing, proves nothing, suggests nothing, and destroys nothing; it gives us no picture of human beings either teaching or learning or thinking; it is a very typical example of pedagogic learning in its higher flights, and as such we commend it to the thoughtful student of the human mind.

A CHRONICLE OF SMALL BEER.

"Memories of Seven Campaigns. A Record of Thirty-five Years' Service in the Indian Medical Department in India, China, Egypt, and the Sudan." By James Howard Thornton, C.B., M.B., B.A., Deputy Surgeon-General Indian Medical Service. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co. 1895.

THE English character is full of anomalies, and not the least of these is to be found in the popularity of reminiscences of all kinds. In these bustling, busy, pushing days of electric telegraphs, railways, and steamships, it might well have been that but little time would be bestowed on memories, often sentimental and vain. But somehow men do seem to have time in the intervals of business both to write and read many volumes of apparently little practical value in the hard race of life. And so it comes about that nowadays the majority of distinguished men at the close of their careers write memoirs, and that many people read them. The volume before us is one of the most recent of the class to which it belongs, is imposing in appearance, and is extremely well illustrated and "got up." It deals too, especially at its commencement, with a period and state of things of which Englishmen can perhaps never hear too much, and which are connected with many of the most heroic actions of our race. Dr. Thornton had only passed a few months as quite a young man in the discharge of his duties in India, when the news was spread abroad that the native army was in open revolt. During the next two years he saw many stirring and exciting scenes, and served an apprenticeship severe but most beneficial to one who intended to devote his life to the service of his country in India. He subsequently saw fighting in China, and, after an interval, in the hill country round Jowai, and during the Bhotan expedition. Later on he went to Egypt and the Sudan, and finally was employed with the Hazara field

force in 1888. He therefore had ample chance of witnessing those moving incidents which have given interest and colour to the recollections of Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Daniel Lysons, Colonel Maude, and several others. We are promised a feast composed of dishes which we naturally expect to be highly flavoured and piquant. But when the banquet is served up we are disappointed to find that after all no flights beyond the imagination of the good "plain cook" have been attempted, and that the fare is homely in the extreme. During the exciting times of the Mutiny it surely was scarcely worth while to record, or at any rate to publish, an account of the discovery in a village near Cawnpore of "the cover of a parcel addressed to a young lady who had perished in the massacre." Neither is it of thrilling interest that "in 1875 and 1876 I suffered rather severely from boils, and I found that my health was somewhat impaired by the seven hot seasons I had passed continuously in the plains. I therefore applied for furlough to Europe," &c. &c. "A singular incident which might have been tragic" gravely recorded on page 248, reminds us of the story of the ancestor of Sir Roger de Coverley in the "Spectator," who narrowly escaped death at the battle of Worcester by being sent away two days before the fight. It was thus: A wealthy Australian was at Suakim in 1885 in his steam yacht. He ran short of fuel when about twenty miles north of that town. He anchored his yacht close to the shore and left a lady with some other persons on board while he went to seek supplies. These rash excursionists landed and rambled about all unconscious of the neighbourhood of bloodthirsty Mahdists. And that is the whole of this thrilling tale! Nothing whatever happened, and the party all came on board again intact!

Surgeon-General Thornton has every reason to be very proud of all he has done and seen in the service of his country, and it is a very legitimate satisfaction to him, no doubt, that he has been duly rewarded with the Cross of the Bath. But surely when a man gets a C.B. he does not usually record the event in quite so grandiloquent a fashion as this. "I had the great satisfaction of finding my name in the list of officers whose services were considered deserving of special mention, and of seeing my appointment as a Companion of the military division of the most honourable Order of the Bath." This book is, in fact, essentially commonplace and dull. There is neither thought, nor originality, nor observation about it, and it is simply a bald account of what are in many cases the most ordinary incidents of Anglo-Indian life. The table of contents of Chapter XIV. will illustrate our meaning. "I attend the durbar at Bankipore—My visit to Sonepur fair—I apply for furlough to Europe in 1877—My week at Bombay—I visit the rock-hewn temple of Elephanta [Did any one ever find himself at Bombay and not do so?—Go over the ironclad turret ship Magdala," and so on and so on, until the wearied reader in the end absolutely recoils from such utter tittle-tattle and twaddle. We imagine our author to have been a most deserving and meritorious public servant, but why he ever took it into his head to write this book, and how he found any one to publish it, quite passes our comprehension. It will still more greatly surprise us if he finds anybody who will wade through even the half of it.

FICTION.

"Toxin." A Sketch. By Ouida. (The Century Library.) London: Fisher Unwin. 1895.

THE discovery of strange stars and new moons in the literary firmament has caused more than one great reputation to vanish into the dusk of a fading day. In the roll of those who may be described as the most living among the dead we find the name of Ouida. Time was when the publication of a new novel by that semi-mystical personage, known in private life as Louise de la Ramée, marked an epoch in the affairs of fiction. It is improbable, however, that the appearance of "Toxin" will be regarded as anything but an inconsiderable episode in the autumn publishing season—unless, indeed, the medical press, with its peculiar aptitude for tilting at windmills, anathematizes the story into an adventitious notoriety. Apart from this possibility the little book will receive less attention than it deserves, for the fashion

of this decade ignores Ouida and all her works. Nevertheless, "Toxin" is worth the half-hour which will suffice for its perusal. The scene is laid in that Venice whose beauty Ouida understands better than any one living except, perhaps, Mr. Ruskin, and the intercourse of three persons furnishes material for the tale. An opal necklace dropped into the Lido one day by the Countess Veronica Zaranegra, and accidentally found some months later by Prince Adrianis and his physician, serve to bring the characters into relation. The fair owner of the "stones of sorrow" is a widow, with riches and beauty to enhance her youth. So inevitably both men love her—the Prince, whose rank, wealth, and volatile temperament match hers by a natural law, and Frederic Damer, the celebrated surgeon, whose science has just rescued this favourite of fortune from the very gate of the grave. With Ouida's inordinate passion for crude contrasts she gives all the vices to the flint-hearted physiologist, while her hero monopolizes all the graces. Damer is a ruthless vivisectioner, callous to all suffering, impervious alike to the beauty of life and to the finer impulses of humanity. But the Countess Zaranegra has unwittingly aroused an intense passion in the surgeon's hardened soul, and although she fears and distrusts him instinctively he acquires by force of will an intellectual ascendancy over her. One day Adrianis contracts diphtheria from a little waif whom he saves from drowning and is thus delivered into the hand of his enemy. Under the pretence of trying the new antitoxin cure by the injection of horse serum, Damer introduces the virus of the disease into the veins of his patient, who quickly expires. Six months later the surgeon becomes the husband of the Countess Zaranegra in spite of her loathing for him and her love for the man whose death he has compassed.

Such is Ouida's latest attempt to analyze the influence of modern ideas on the eternal conflict of human will and human passion. It does not differ essentially from the first of about forty similar attempts, for Ouida has developed but little with the years. Her earliest book had all the faults and the merits of the last. Modern life has shown her its face and taught her its jargon, but its soul is hid from her eyes. She perceives and execrates the changes in its manner and fashion, but its infinite inward complexity, its actuality, she utterly ignores. The characters in "Toxin" have no more "a reasonable soul with human flesh subsisting" than had the glorious guardsmen and the gilded Aspasia of "Under Two Flags" and "Tricotrin." Ouida has at least been consistent to the literary ideals of her youth. She began to study life through a dazzling tissue of romantic prepossession in a day when realism was hardly dreamed of in the novelist's philosophy. To write the plain unvarnished truth might then have been a temptation; it can be none now, when no one seems able to write anything else. To her credit, Ouida has never once yielded to it. With adorable persistence she has clung to the old heaven of imagination and to the old idealized, sublimated earth.

To the youth of the early seventies Ouida was forbidden fruit. The generation which rejoiced in "Pink Dominoes" salved its conscience by voting "Puck" and its companions improper, with the result that her books were devoured in secluded corners by expectant youth, and rendered noxious by the secrecy. The youth of this decade, which knows no prohibition, seeks the stronger meat of the naturalistic writers, and so leaves Ouida to those who are weary of Zola and his fellows. Thus the discernment of Ouida's excellences grows, in part at least, out of an æsthetic reaction, till one would cheerfully barter the human document in all its manifestations for the passionate pathos of "A Dog of Flanders" and the radiant optimism of "Pascarel."

"Perfect Womanhood." By Frederick James Gant, F.R.C.S. London: Digby, Long & Co. 1895.

When an initial chapter of superlatives introduces Sister Eva, a hasty reader accepts her as the "Perfect Womanhood" under consideration. She has a "speak-to-me mouth," and we are introduced in detail to her other features, but beyond this she has merely a "conformation downwards," which "gave a supple and graceful activity to all her movements." This curious

mechanism is a "nursing sister," and in Hyde Park she meets Algernon Graham, B.Sc., F.R.C.S. He had known Eva "in childhood's sportive freedom," when "she was wont to weave a daisy chaplet to crown his lofty brow." He has "an ample forehead, spanned by black, silken, wavy hair which naturally parted in the middle." Nothing is said of his "conformation downwards." Chapter IV. describes "The High Church Curate," who, we are told, "is a sleek, eel-backed young man." In Chapter V. Algernon and Eva enter into a "spiritual wedlock," and there are refined suggestions of the "Woman who Wouldn't" in the development of that idea. Chapter VI. brings us to Lady Teresa, and the author writes lengthily of her "Parian marble face," as well he may of such a curiosity. But there is more of the Lady Teresa. "Her rather tall and undulating form completes the picture." Other perfect womanhoods follow, a new one in each of the earlier chapters. There is Mabel Carlton, who courageously attempts matrimony on £200 a year; there is Ethel Somers, whose biography occupies a chapter to itself, and who straightway disappears from the story, never, to the reader's huge astonishment, to appear in it again. The book, if perfectly absurd, is also perfectly proper; the author's natural refinement—unless it be humorous ambition—prompts him to write in one place of the "best Scotch w—y." He has been ill-advised to publish this puerile effort.

"A Set of Rogues." By Frank Barrett. London: A. D. Innes. 1895.

It is dull, but it is the readable kind of dullness. There is absolutely nothing to tempt us to wish that Mr. Barrett would write another historical novel, but if he cannot stay his hand and "A Set of Rogues" has a successor, let us recommend a study of the arithmetic of compression. The travels and adventures of the rogues, who are the mildest-mannered gentlemen styled such we have ever met, are too long by more than half. Their iniquities are deadeningly respectable, and their language, peppered with "to-wits," and "beshrews," "monies," and other well-seasoned archaisms, is quite fit for a nineteenth-century drawing-room. This is very right and proper, but it does not fire the blood, and a story of adventure ought to do that, or come near to doing it. Even the boys for whom Mr. Barrett's book is primarily intended will thirst for a stronger tipple before they have read half of the closely printed four hundred pages.

"By Thrasna River." By Shan F. Bullock. London: Ward, Lock & Bowden. 1895.

The tyranny of the Irish story is not as oppressive as that of the Scotch, and the brogue of the Irishman in print is comprehensible without a glossary first and a headache afterwards, while the dialect of the Scot—to put it mildly—is not. Mr. Bullock has watched the Irish peasantry with some humour and understanding. His character-sketches of whimsical Keltis, and his descriptions of their whisky-dominated lives, are clever and amusing. But chapter after chapter filling a good-sized volume of the humours of Irish existence are a weariness to the flesh. Quite two-thirds of "By Thrasna River" would have to be subtracted to give the other third its right proportion and interest.

NEW SCIENCE-BOOKS.

"The Manufacture of Explosives." By Oscar Guttman. Two Vols. Illustrated. London: Whittaker & Co. 1895.

WHETHER it were Roger Bacon or a spectacled school-master in Pekin who first invented gunpowder, either would be equally surprised at the marvellous development of the discovery. An explosion is simply a rapid chemical action: an explosive substance is simply a mixture of chemicals, with strong affinities for each other, and so commingled that a slight stimulus sends them crashing together. As, with a few doubtful exceptions, like argon and nitrogen, every chemical element has strong attractions for many others, it is possible to make explosives out of almost any set of substances. The art of the thing consists in arranging the mixture so that it will be stable under any but the appropriate stimulus, and in combining the substances so that the resulting explosion shall be slow and progressive, as in a powder to propel a missile, or sudden and destructive as in a blasting mixture. All these matters and the

wonderful machinery used in the manufacturing processes, Mr. Guttman discusses with simplicity and minuteness. His book is designed for manufacturers and experts; but military men, and even the general public, may find it of absorbing interest. In the preface the author refers to the possible danger of such a book aiding Anarchists. We agree with him, however, that there is no danger of this. Unfortunately all that is known of the manufacture of crude explosives is already within their reach. The new matter consists chiefly in accounts of the elaborate processes required in the commercial production of cheap and safe explosives, and in the modifications of crude substances required to adapt them to warfare.

"Analytical Chemistry." By Prof. N. Menschutkin. Translated by James Locke. London: Macmillan. 1895.

Prof. Menschutkin is as celebrated as an analyst as his compatriot Mendeleeff is as a theoretical chemist. Mr. Locke has made a careful translation from the third German edition of his well-known work. Although the beginner in chemistry is soon set to simple qualitative analysis, the more difficult problems are impossible until he has a competent knowledge of general theoretical chemistry. The present volume implies this knowledge, and is designed for the advanced student and for the practical man. It is carefully and logically arranged, and should prove of the highest value.

"The Telephone Systems of the Continent of Europe." By A. R. Bennett. Illustrated. London: Longmans. 1895.

This book is the result of careful personal observation by the author. In view of the constant statements of those attacking the English telephone monopolies that rates are lower and the service more efficient on the Continent, Mr. Bennett's book is very useful. He comes to the conclusion, and most readers will agree that the evidence justifies it, that things are better managed abroad—for the public. Except in the case of St. Petersburg and Moscow, where monopolist companies exist, no Continental subscription comes up to the London rate. Apart from the controversial value of the book, the careful descriptions of the various systems are of great interest.

"Dogs for Hot Climates." By Vere Shaw and M. H. Hayes. Illustrated. London: Thacker & Co. 1895.

The well-known author of the "Book of the Dog," collaborating with a veterinary surgeon, has produced a practical little treatise. Wherever the Anglo-Saxon goes his dog goes too, as a matter of course, and without prejudice of species. This kindly cruelty is hard alike upon owner and dog. The book will save owners from much anxiety and many regrets. The selection of breeds for hot climates is discussed with knowledge, and the treatment of the common canine diseases of the tropics is skilfully set forth.

"Horses, Asses, Zebras, Mules, and Mule Breeding." By W. B. Tegetmeier and C. L. Sutherland. Illustrated. London: Horace Cox. 1895.

Here is another book by experts. Few persons know more about mammals than Mr. Tegetmeier, and Mr. Sutherland is a well-known authority on asses and mules for army purposes. The authors describe various species of *Equus* and the more useful varieties, paying special attention to the practical utility of the various breeds.

"The Natural History of Plants." From the German of Anton Kerner von Marilaun. Translated by Prof. Oliver. Half Volume IV. Illustrated. London: Blackie & Son. 1895.

This is the last volume of a series which is a notable addition to popular works upon Botany. It should be a standard work for many years. In several of the earlier volumes the translator and editor might have paid a little more attention to revising details, as the Vienna Professor is more famed for comprehensiveness than for exactness. The last volume, however, appears to have been very carefully revised, and the slips which have appeared in the earlier volumes fortunately are not of a character to detract seriously from the value of the work. We must warn, however, those popular writers who extract articles and booklets from larger treatises that Oliver and Kerner are not infallible.

"Rural Water Supply. A Practical Handbook." By Allan Greenwell and W. T. Curry. London: Crosby Lockwood and Son. 1895.

This is a creditable little manual, by two competent engineers, on the supply of water and construction of waterworks for small country districts. It should prove useful to rural authorities and the managers of estates.

We have also received from Messrs. Macmillan a third edition of Daniell's "Physics," revised and brought up to date; from Allen & Co. two new volumes of their excellent Naturalist's Library, "English Mammals" and "Cats," both by Mr. Lydekker; from Swan Sonnenschein a harmless little "Introduction to the Study of Zoology," by Miss B. Lindsay; from Cassell & Co. Sir Henry Roscoe's "John Dalton, and the Rise of Modern Chemistry," a pleasantly written volume; from Ginn & Co., Boston, U.S.A., "An Elementary Chemistry," by Mr. G. R. White, a volume with nothing to recommend it.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Desultory Retracings, a Personal and Family Record." By Catherine Jacson. Printed for private circulation. London: Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. 1895.

THIS is an interesting volume of reminiscences; and, being interesting, it causes some surprise by its entire unlikeness to a novel. Here is a psychological study of a girl's growth from babyhood to marriage, executed with more completeness and insight than most novelists can bring to their work; and yet not only is there none of that unity, that grouping and composition which belongs to the artist's vision, but the girl herself does not stand out as a character. The record is full of those acutely true things which all recognise, full of subtleties and realities, but we do not see the girl. We have the material, the atmosphere, the setting. The book is instinct with *pictas*, and we should conclude from it that the descendant of the Peels and Formbys is, and was, somewhat too exclusively impressed by the claims of family; there is a point where *pictas* ceases to be beautiful. However that may be, the softness and delicacy of the pictures must appeal strongly to every one, the sunny childhood in French gardens, beneath the sway of an all-absorbing elder brother, the Olympian circle of elders in England, the school in London, and the brilliant flash which lights up the girl's first introduction to her future husband, "with a formal move and a few formal words, arrogant nineteen passed modestly on." The most interesting and moving portion of these "desultory retracings" is, as we have come to expect, that which tells of the brush with the Oxford movement. Such a glamour clings round it always, and in this case very bitter and black indeed is the picture of a brother's pitiable struggle and defection. Mrs. Jacson has an undeniable gift of writing, though here and there the fullness and sweetness of expression are apt to cloy.

"Lessons in Commerce." A text-book for students. By Professor Raffaele Gambaro. Revised and edited by James Gault, A.K.C. Second edition, revised. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1895.

Professor Gambaro is lecturer on the English language at the Royal High Commercial and Naval Engineering Schools in Genoa. Part of his duty seems to be to instruct his pupils in the principles of English commerce, and it was to assist them that this text-book was written in English. The book is rather a remarkable performance, and testifies to the accuracy and patience of the author. It is no easy matter to collect information as to the laws and customs of trade and commerce, scattered at random in the pages of innumerable bulky volumes, such as Byles on the Law of Bills of Exchange, Crump's Theory of Stock Exchange Speculation, and the like. We doubt if there is another book of this compendious character in existence, and, if not, it seems odd that an Italian has been the first to undertake the work. So far as we have tested Professor Gambaro's text-book, it fulfils all the purposes for which it is intended, and we have not found a single inaccuracy. No doubt the scope of the work might have been enlarged. For example, the chapter on Banking would bear extension, and possibly too much space is given to the weights and measures. But, after all, this is a handbook, and must be treated as such. To clerks and others interested in the City we can highly commend it. The various mercantile transactions are illustrated by means of actual forms which should carry intelligence to the densest.

"The Flower of England's Face." By Julia C. R. Dorr. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

There is nothing remarkable, nothing noticeable even, in these sketches of English travel; no information worth the printing, no peculiar observation, no happy phrase; just nothing in the little book at all—except something very touching. And it is a quite common-place sentiment, the worship of two American women at the shrines of Stratford, Stoke-Pogis, Haworth. Moreover, we do not know that the sentiment is ever adequately expressed in any of the two hundred and fifty pages of most ordinary writing, except perhaps in the dream of Stratford church. It is not a book worth reading, and yet, all the same, the ivy slips "nursed through long Vermont winters" and the kneeling figure at the chancel rail below the monument of Shakespeare are additions to the gallery of pleasant things to think of, and we should have been sorry to miss them.

"Indolent Impressions. Sketches in Light and Shade." By Frederick W. Waithman. London: Digby, Long & Co. 1895.

If the plums in Mr. Waithman's essays had been ripened with a little more care, and had been packed a great deal closer, his book might have been heartily recommended. The fault of the unconscious artist is that he does not know in what quarter his strength lies, and where Mr. Waithman might have set up a monumental structure of platitudes and facetiousnesses, a classical work, we find with regret a dreary waste. "Memory, broadly speaking, is a marvellous mystery of nature;" this is the opening of the sixth essay, and one feels that a man who possesses so completely the inner spirit of platitude (the "broadly speaking" is a delicacy not to be matched) ought to do strong work. "As the spring runs on until it merges into the river, so do the trivialities of life provide the mainspring which sets up the rift within the lute," is hopeful too. With

concentration and care Mr. Waithman should do great things.

"The Household of Sir Thomas More." With an Introduction by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, B.D., Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. London: John Nimmo. 1895.

This is a new edition of a book which deserves a new edition. It was written in the fifties by a Miss Manning, and professes to be the diary of Sir Thomas More's eldest daughter. The style is "conceited" without revealing at every turn the laborious effort of an attempt to make it reflective of the period of Henry VIII. The vocabulary and spelling are as ingeniously twisted as Burton's or Sir Thomas Browne's, but neither staggers belief in the existence of this keen, clever Margaret Roper, who brushed up against Erasmus and More and Holbein, and wrote about them sometimes with scant ceremony. Mr. Hutton's introduction is perhaps a little beside the mark. There is too much of the Rev. W. H. Hutton and too little of Miss Manning in it. The illustrations are pretty but wishy-washy. The frontispiece, an excellent reproduction of Holbein's portrait of "Thos. More, Ld Chancelour," convinces us that the only way to illustrate such a book successfully would have been to depend on Holbein throughout.

"The Art of Newspaper Making." By Charles A. Dana. London: Fisher Unwin. 1895.

Mr. Dana makes one striking point in the course of his three lectures, and perhaps only one. The last of his set of journalist principles is "Above all, know and believe that humanity is advancing; that there is progress in human life and human affairs." This is an absurd belief; but there is little doubt that Mr. Dana is right in the main when he says that it is good journalism. The newspaper that can "believe," that has faith and enthusiasm, that is sympathetic and not merely negative, stands a better chance, other things being equal, of obtaining a larger circulation than the superior newspaper which has no illusions. A collection of lectures, of course, means a good many repetitions.

"Only a Commoner." By Nat Gould (Verax). London: George Routledge & Co. 1895.

Mr. Nat Gould's style is the style of Victor Hugo, his sentiments belong to the Adelphi, and no words can adequately express the elementary nature of his story-telling. Robinson Crusoe in words of one syllable, that classic of our babyhood, is advanced reading, a story quivering with decadent subtleties, in comparison with "Only a Commoner." It is not easy to give an idea of the flavour of the style. In one page of thirty-three lines there are as many as eleven paragraphs; the subject, the deforestation of England, is serious, saddening, and one of the eleven paragraphs reads: "The mark of Cain is put upon the sturdy oak, and it is felled by the woodman's axe, or the more rapid process of the saw." Or the more rapid process of the saw. There is a pathos in this alternative clause which eludes analysis. Those who have a good, sturdy appreciation for other people's unconscious nonsense, should not miss a chance of reading "Only a Commoner," if they are unacquainted with the works of Verax.

"Some Memories of Paris." By F. Adolphus. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1895.

These chapters about Paris are excellent; they succeed perfectly, all except "Mr. Worth," which should have been humorous. The author does not show any capacity in that direction; but he is a great hand at descriptions. He tells you what you want to hear, he observes the interesting things which can be expressed, he does not intrude with fancy or moral. The chapters are just first class journalism. "The Entry of the Germans" and "The Commune" are peculiarly striking pieces of work; the writer restricts himself to what he saw himself, and gives his impression with great vividness. But the best thing in the volume is the speech he has put in the mouth of Mangin, the pencil-seller, in the charming essay "The Streets Forty Years Ago"—that is a masterpiece.

We have also received a very readable translation of Paul Bourget's "Outre-Mer" (Fisher Unwin); "The Lady in Grey," by G. Ohnet, translated by D. Havelock Fisher (Tower Publishing Co.); "Essays of Elia," 2 vols. (Putnam); Smollett's "Ferdinand Count Fathom," edited by George Saintsbury, with illustrations by Frank Richards, 2 vols. (Gibbings & Co.); "Duty and Service," by the Rev. H. Armstrong Hall, B.D. (Skeffington); Vols. V. and VI. of "The New Technical Educator, an Encyclopædia of Technical Education" (Cassell); Vols. III. and IV. of "North's Plutarch" (Nutt); fourth edition of Hume Nisbet's "Her Loving Slave" (Digby, Long); new edition of Florence Marryat's "The Beautiful Soul" (Digby, Long); new edition of "Clear Round," by E. A. Gordon, with illustrations, maps, and Introductory Letter from F. Max Müller (Sampson Low); new edition of "Life and Letters of Dean Church," edited by his daughter, Mary C. Church (Macmillan); "Essays in Criticism," second series, by Matthew Arnold (Macmillan); new edition of F. Marion Crawford's "Katherine Lauderdale" (Macmillan); cheap edition of "False Pretences," by Annie Thomas (Digby, Long); Pocket Edition of Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake" (Macmillan); "Wheat Growing in the Argentine Republic," by William

Goodwin, F.R.G.S. (Liverpool: The Northern Publishing Co.); "Directory of Science, Art, and Technical Schools," by Ray S. Lineham (Chapman & Hall); "Verses for Children and Songs for Music," by Juliana Horatia Ewing (S.P.C.K.).

LITERARY NOTES.

PROPOS of the appearance the other day of Mr. Grant Allen's new novel, "The British Barbarians," with the sub-title, "A Hill-top Novel," a kind of successor to "The Woman Who Did," it may be well to recall the author's estimate of the latter work as given by himself in the columns of the SATURDAY REVIEW in March last. "Good or bad," Mr. Grant Allen wrote, "it is my best possible work. There is not a word in it which I desire to change. . . . I have written what I consider to be a work of art, and I am ready to stand or fall by it." In the preface to his new work, Mr. Grant Allen states that in all the future stories "which I write of my own account, simply and solely for the sake of embodying and enforcing my own opinions," the sub-title "A Hill-top Novel" will appear as a trade-mark.

Mr. W. E. Henley (and it may rightly be assumed that he is the writer of the prospectus of the forthcoming new edition of the works and letters of Byron which he is to edit) does not fully share the opinions of the leader-writer who asserted in a morning paper a few days ago that "To-day 'Byrons' cannot even get a quotation on 'Change.'" Mr. Henley thinks "that Byron's poetry has been long, and long enough, neglected, so that we are on the eve of, if not face to face with, a steady reaction in its favour; that, in fact, the true public has had enough of fluent minor lyrics and hide-bound (if superior) sonnetteers, and is disposed, in the natural course of things, to renew its contact with a great English poet, who was also a principal element in the æsthetic evolution of that modern Europe which we know."

The Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram is now preparing for press his lectures delivered during the Eastern Term at the Divinity School, Cambridge. They will be published in book form by Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., under the title of "Work in Great Cities." The writer deals chiefly with the subject of mission work among the densely populated districts in large towns, of which he has had ample experience in connection with the Oxford House, Bethnal Green.

The new volume of poems by the late Christina Rossetti, which Messrs. Macmillan have in preparation, is assured a wide acceptance. The volume will be thoroughly representative of the genius of Miss Rossetti.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has projected a new series of guide-books, in which it will be the endeavour of both publisher and author to combine literary and historical qualities with the ordinary features of a guide-book.

A Christmas Book Supplement will appear with our issue of 23 November. Advertisements intended for insertion in that number should be sent to the Manager as soon as possible.

NOTICE.—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Friday. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND; or to the CITY OFFICE, 18 FINCH LANE, CORNHILL, E.C. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

PARIS.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in Paris every Saturday from Messrs. BOYVEAU & CHEVILLET, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI'S, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, and Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DUNLOP Pneumatic Tyres for Carriages

Have become
universal for Cycles;
they possess
equal advantages

ADVANTAGES.—The perfection of ease.—Absolutely noiseless.—Reduction in draught of one third.—Saving of all wear to the carriage.—Suitable to the roughest roads.—Give no trouble.—Appearance of wheel practically unaltered.—Can be fitted to existing wheels.

A large Exhibition of Carriages, built by the best Coachbuilders, and each fitted with these Tyres, can be seen at, also full particulars obtained on application from

The Pneumatic Tyre Co., Ltd.,

14 Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

PREMIER Causes no Blotches.
VINOLIA
 Keeps the Complexion Clear
SOAP.
 4d. a Tablet.

NO END OF WORRY SAVED BY USING
STONE'S TIME SAVING
 For keeping in order all **SPECIALITIES**
 LETTERS, PAPERS, PAMPHLETS, MUSIC, &c.
 Sold by Stationers everywhere. Send postcard for Illustrated Catalogue to the Manufacturers
HENRY STONE & SON, BANBURY.
Special Boxes, Folders, and Cabinets made to order for a variety of purposes.

EPPS'S COCOAINE.
COCOA-NIB EXTRACT.
 (TEA-LIKE).

The choicest roasted nibs (broken-up beans) of the natural Cocoa on being subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure, give forth their excess of oil, leaving for use a finely-flavoured powder—"Cocoaïne," a product which, when prepared with boiling water, has the consistence of tea, of which it is now, with many, beneficially taking the place. Its active principle being a gentle nerve stimulant, supplies the needed energy without unduly exciting the system.

SHIPPING.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA.
ORIENT LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS
LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY
 for the above COLONIES, calling at **PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, SUEZ, and COLOMBO.**
Managers: { **F. GREEN & CO.** } **Head Offices:**
 { **ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO.** } Fenchurch Avenue, London.
 For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING CRUISES.
 By the Steamships "LUSITANIA," 377 tons register, and "GARONNE," 376 tons register, from London, as under:—
 For **TENERIFFE, the WEST INDIA ISLANDS, BERMUDA, &c.,** leaving 15th January, returning 17th March.
 For **MOROCCO, SICILY, PALESTINE, and EGYPT,** leaving 20th February, returning 15th April.
 For **SOUTH OF SPAIN, GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c.,** leaving 31st March, returning 16th May.
 For **SICILY, VENICE, CORFU, ALGERIA, &c.,** leaving 22nd April, returning 30th May.
 String Band, Electric Light, Electric Bells, Hot and Cold Baths, High-class Cuisine.
Managers: { **F. GREEN & CO.** } **Head Offices:** Fenchurch Avenue.
 { **ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO.** }
 For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, S.W.

P. and O. MAIL STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO
BOMBAV, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI,
EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS via BOMBAY..... every week.
STRAITS, CHINA, and JAPAN.....
CALCUTTA, MADRAS, COLOMBO, AUSTRALIA, NEW
ZEALAND, TASMANIA, and NAPLES..... every fortnight.
VENICE and BRINDISI to EGYPT and the EAST..... every three weeks.
CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.
 For particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., or 25 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD MINE, LAND & EXPLORATION SHARES.

H. HALFORD & CO.
 70 & 71 Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.
 Telegraphic Address: "MONITOR, LONDON."

Large buyers and sellers of South African Gold Mining, Land, and Exploration shares. Close market prices guaranteed. Low Contango rates. Accounts opened for settlement in three months, if desired. All profits paid directly accounts are closed.

Send for our selected list of the best Mine and other shares for investment or speculation.

H. HALFORD & CO.,
 70 & 71 PALMERSTON BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.
References in all parts of the United Kingdom and Abroad.

SPA WINTER SEASON. At the Belgian Monte Carlo, within 12 hours of London, you find sheltered invigorating climate, good sport, a **CERCLE DES ETRANGERS**, with Roulette, Trente et Quarante, &c., always open, and high-class accommodation at 10 francs *per diem*, absolutely inclusive. For full details, address **M. JULES CREHAY**, Secretary.

EDITOR and Assistant Editor required for a weekly journal. State experience, qualifications, age, &c., to 7679, care of **C. Vernon's Advertising Offices**, 118 1/2 Newgate Street, E.C.

AMUSEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.
NATIONAL CYCLE SHOW.
 Friday, December 6 to Saturday, December 14.
 The Oldest and Largest Cycle Manufacturers will exhibit only at the Crystal Palace Show.
 No Extra Charge.
 Admission to Palace One Shilling.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—Sir Augustus Harris, Lessee and Manager.—**EVERY EVENING**, at 7.30, **CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!** by Sir Augustus Harris, Cecil Raleigh, and Henry Hamilton. Powerful cast. **MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY**, at 1.30.

EDUCATIONAL.

ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE
COOPER'S HILL, STAINES.
 The COURSE of STUDY is arranged to fit an **ENGINEER** for employment in Europe, India, and the Colonies. About **FORTY STUDENTS** will be admitted in September 1896. The Secretary of State will offer them for competition Twelve Appointments as Assistant Engineers in the Public Works Department, and Three Appointments as Assistant Superintendents in the Telegraph Department.—For particulars apply to the **SECRETARY**, at the College.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES.
 (A Constituent College of the University of Wales.)
 Applications are invited for the Chair of Logic, Philosophy, and Political Economy now vacant in this College. The Council will elect on December 18th. Stipend, £450, with share of fees guaranteed up to £50. 40 copies of the Application and Testimonials to be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Monday, November 25th. The Professor will be expected to enter on his duties at the beginning of the New Year. For further particulars apply to
JOHN EDWARD LLOYD, M.A.,
 Bangor, Oct. 21st, 1895. Secretary and Registrar.

THE VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

The Registrarship of the University will shortly become vacant by the resignation of **A. T. Bentley, Esq., M.A.** Applications, accompanied by references, and, if thought proper, by testimonials, should be sent on or before December 1st, to the Vice-Chancellor under cover to the Registrar, The Victoria University, Manchester, who will furnish all necessary information.
 Manchester, November 1895.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the next Half-yearly Examination for **MATRICULATION** in this University will commence on **MONDAY, the 13th of JANUARY 1896.**—In addition to the Examination at the University, Provincial Examinations will be held at **Macon College, Birmingham**; **The Merchant Venturers' Technical College, Bristol**; **Dunfries College (for University College), Cardiff**; **The Training College, New City Road, Glasgow**; **The Yorkshire College, Leeds**; **Rutherford College, Newcastle-on-Tyne**; **The High School, Oswestry**; **The Athenæum, Plymouth**; and the Grammar School, **Portsmouth**.
 Every Candidate is required to apply to the Registrar (University of London, Burlington Gardens, London, W.) for a Form of Entry not later than Monday, December 16th.

ARTHUR MILMAN, M.A., LL.D.
 Registrar.

November 7th, 1895.

DAVOS, SWITZERLAND.

EDUCATIONAL HOME FOR DELICATE GIRLS
 in an English Medical Man's family. Large airy house in its own grounds in best part of the health resort.—Address **Mrs. Whyte, Villa Paul, Davos Dorf, Switzerland.**

BURLINGTON CARRIAGE CO., LTD.

BUILDERS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

315-317 Oxford Street, W.

Old and Aristocratic Designs reproduced in Steel and Hickory at half the weight.

Builders of FAMILY OMNIBUSES

For most County FAMILIES.

THREE YEARS' SYSTEM
 of purchase arranged at Cash Prices.

Specialty: Light Cob-sized **LANDAUS.**

315-317 OXFORD STREET, W.

BORWICK'S
THE BEST
BAKING POWDER
IN THE
WORLD. POWDER

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

INCORPORATED SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING

HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Presidents:

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

MEANS ADOPTED:

- (1) ESTABLISHING SMALL HOMES.
- (2) BOARDING-OUT.
- (3) EMIGRATION.

HELP URGENTLY NEEDED for the support of over 2200 Destitute and Orphan Children under the Society's care, and to enable the Executive to accept many deserving cases.

The Clergy are earnestly asked to allow the Society a share in the Offertories devoted to extra-parochial objects, nearly the whole of the children in the Homes having been accepted on their recommendation.

Contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by E. DE M. RUDOLF, Secretary.

Offices of the Society, The Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.

Cheques should be crossed "Lloyds Bank, Limited, 54 St. James's Street, S.W.," and made payable to "E. de M. Rudolf."

THE ROYAL ASSOCIATION IN AID OF

THE DEAF AND DUMB

(St. Saviour's Church, Lecture and Reading-Room),

419 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

President—THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

Treasurer—S. BRIGHT LUCAS, Esq. (*pro tem.*)

Hon. Secretaries { THE REV. CANON MANSFIELD OWEN, M.A.
S. BRIGHT LUCAS, Esq.

Secretary—MR. THOMAS COLE.

Bank—THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER, Stratford Place, W.

THE OBJECTS OF THIS ASSOCIATION are to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Deaf and Dumb—about 2000 of whom reside in London—by the following means:

- 1.—To provide extended Religious and Secular Instructions among the Deaf and Dumb throughout the Metropolis after they have quitted school.

The DEAF and DUMB are beyond the reach of all ordinary ministerial agency for public religious instruction. The only means adapted to their condition is a *special provision* in the sign and manual language. This Association provides at present fifteen services per week in nine parts of London, besides several other occasional ones.

- 2.—To visit the Deaf and Dumb at their own homes.
- 3.—To assist Deaf and Dumb persons in obtaining employment.
- 4.—To relieve, either by gifts or loans of money, deserving necessitous Deaf and Dumb persons.
- 5.—To encourage the early training of Deaf and Dumb children preparatory to their admission into Educational Institutions.

The Committee ask whether the reader will not, in grateful acknowledgment for the great blessing of hearing, give an ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION to this Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS will be thankfully received by the London and Westminster Bank, Stratford Place, W.; or by the Secretary, Mr. THOMAS COLE, at 419 Oxford Street, London, W.

THE CLERGY ORPHAN CORPORATION.

Under the Patronage of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

President: THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Vice-President: EARL CRANBROOK.

Treasurer: THE REV. CANON ELWYN, Master of the Charterhouse.

BOYS' SCHOOL—St. Thomas's Hill, Canterbury.

GIRLS' SCHOOL—St. John's Wood, Marylebone.

"This Society is fulfilling a very great and rapidly increasing work of the utmost importance to the Church. . . . No better help to our distressed clergy could possibly be devised."—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

These Schools, founded in 1749, are for the absolutely free Maintenance, Clothing, and Education of the Orphan (fatherless) Children of the Clergy of the Established Church of England and Wales. The children are Elected by vote, in May and November. Candidates for admission must be between the ages of Eight and Twelve (Boys under certain conditions up to Thirteen) on the day of election. Forms of application for admission and all particulars to be obtained from the Secretary.

By means of an Apprenticing Fund, children on leaving are assisted to further education, or to make a start in life.

2976 children have been admitted to the benefits of these Schools, which now contain 220. At least £7000 a year must be raised from voluntary sources alone. Subscriptions, Donations, and Offertories are earnestly asked, to meet greatly increased needs.

As a proof of the present distress, it may be stated that though the numbers in the Schools have been raised in the last five years from 195 to 222, the number of candidates seeking admission has nearly trebled in the same period, of whom the large majority are Orphans of Beneficed Clergymen.

A Life Donor of £10 10s., or an Annual Subscriber of £1 1s., is entitled to one Vote at each half-yearly Election.

The help of the Clergy is earnestly asked to assist in making the work of these Schools more widely known.

Bankers—Messrs. DRUMMONDS, Charing Cross, S.W.

Rev. H. WESLEY DENNIS, M.A., Secretary.

Offices—63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE NATIONAL REFUGES

FOR

Homeless and Destitute Children

AND TRAINING SHIPS "ARETHUSA" AND "CHICHESTER."

Founded in 1843 by the late WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

President.—THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF JERSEY, G.C.M.G.

Chairman and Treasurer.—W. E. HUBBARD, Esq.

Deputy-Chairman.—C. T. WARE, Esq.

Secretary.—H. BRISTOW WALLEN, Esq.

Finance and Deputation Secretary.—HENRY G. COPELAND, Esq.

Bankers.—THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK, 214 High Holborn.

London Office—164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE SOCIETY CONSIST OF

1. The Training Ship "Arethusa," } Moored at Greenhithe,
2. The "Chichester" Tender. } on the Thames.
3. The Boys' Home, Shaftesbury House, Shaftesbury Avenue.
4. The Boys' Home, Fortescue House, Twickenham.
5. The Farm School, Bisley, Surrey.
6. The Shaftesbury School, Bisley.
7. The Girls' Home, Sudbury, near Harrow.
8. The Girls' Home, Ealing.
9. Fordham House Working Boys' Home, Shaftesbury Avenue.
10. Training Ships' Depot, 100 East India Dock Road, E.

In these Ships and Homes nearly 1000 Boys and Girls are fed, clothed, lodged, technically educated, and religiously trained to become useful men and women.

NO VOTES REQUIRED.

FUNDS are GREATLY NEEDED, to purchase Food and Clothing for this large Family. Cheques or Post Office Orders to be sent to Treasurer, Secretary, or Bankers.

INSURANCE.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE.
 Est. 1803.—1 OLD BROAD ST., E.C.; and 22 FILL MALL, S.W.
 Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds over £1,500,000.
 E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

INVESTMENTS.—Several fine Reversions to be disposed of, affording an excellent opportunity for immediate remunerative investment of Capital, where object is ultimate increase rather than immediate return. Also investments with highest security for fixed periods at 3 to 3½ per cent per annum. Only Principals dealt with. Apply—C. A. RUSS, Solicitor, 62 King William St., E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1824. TOTAL FUNDS EXCEED £4,000,000. ESTABLISHED 1824.

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL INSURANCE CO.

LONDON: 3 KING WILLIAM ST., E.C. GLASGOW: 150 WEST GEORGE ST.
 HEAD OFFICE—35 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.
 Secretary—J. K. MACDONALD. Actuary—COLIN M'CUNAG, F.F.A.
 General Manager—A. DUNCAN.

LIFE INSURANCE.

Early Bonus Scheme. (E.B.) The following, among other special advantages, apply to ordinary Policies issued under this Scheme. Besides being payable immediately on proof of death and title, they are, at the end of three years from date:

Entitled to rank for Bonus Additions; Indisputable on the ground of Errors or Omissions; World-Wide without Extra Charge; and kept in force, wholly or partially, even in case of Non-payment of Premium.

Special Bonus Scheme. (D.B.) Under this Scheme PROFIT POLICIES are issued at *Non-Profits Rates*, and share in the profits when the premiums received, accumulated at 4 per cent compound interest, amount to the Sum Assured. Policies of this class which have for the first time become entitled to rank for Bonus have received Additions at the rate of £10 per cent, besides a further progressive addition of £1 per cent per annum.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Almost all descriptions of Property insured on the most favourable conditions.

"THE TIMES" Dec. 29, 1894, says in a leading article on
"Our Daughters"

"FIVE per cent. was regarded as the current rate of interest on good security when paterfamilias set up housekeeping; now he must think 'himself lucky when he can get Three.'"

The **MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York**
Guarantees Five per cent
Debenture Policy,

WHICH ALSO PROVIDES FOR

Death Duties, Children's Education, Marriage Settlements or Business Capital under one Contract,

ACCUMULATED FUNDS £22,000,000.

Apply for particulars to any of the Branch Offices, or to

D. C. HALDEMAN, General Manager for the United Kingdom,
 17 & 18 Cornhill, London, E.C.

BOOKS.

H. SOTHERAN & CO.

BOOKSELLERS, BOOKBINDERS, and PUBLISHERS.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS & PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS IN INDIA THE COLONIES, AMERICA, AND ABROAD.

A Monthly Catalogue; Specimen Number post free.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR VALUED; AND CATALOGUED AND ARRANGED.
 Telegraphic Address: BOOKMEN, LONDON. Code: UNICODE.

40 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

AGENCY FOR AMERICAN BOOKS.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS & BOOK-SELLERS, of 27 and 29 West 23rd Street, New York, and 24 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C., desire to call the attention of the READING PUBLIC to the excellent facilities presented by their Branch House in London for filling, on the most favourable terms, orders for their own STANDARD PUBLICATIONS, and for ALL AMERICAN BOOKS and PERIODICALS.

CATALOGUE sent on application.

Now ready, 58th Edition, price 2s.

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE. By a LADY.

The Original Authorized Edition, brought down to the Present Time.
 LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LIMITED.

GRANT ALLEN'S NEW BOOK.**THE DESIRE OF THE EYES.**

By the Author of "THE WOMAN WHO DID," &c.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

SIXTH EDITION NOW READY.

DIGBY, LONG & CO., 15 BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

BOOK Season.

For Collectors disposing of their duplicate copies to the best advantage, and for buying, selling, or exchanging anything that is required, there is no better medium than "The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart," which affords an open market to every one, wherever he may live. Get a copy at any news-vendor's or bookstall and judge for yourself. Specimen Copy, 3 stamps; 3 months' subscription, one copy weekly, post free, 3s. 3d. Stamps may be sent.—Office, 170 Strand, London, W.C.

STANFORD'S COMPENDIUM OF GEOGRAPHY.

NEW ISSUE IN COURSE OF PUBLICATION.

Just ready, large crown 8vo, cloth, 15s.

AFRICA: Vol. II., South Africa. By A. H. KEANE, F.R.G.S., Author of "North Africa" in same series, "Eastern Geography," &c., &c. With 11 Maps and 92 Illustrations.

The Vols. already issued in the New Series are:

AFRICA: Vol. I., North Africa. By A. H. KEANE, F.R.G.S., Author of "Asia" in same series, "Eastern Geography," &c. With 9 Maps and 77 Illustrations. 15s.

"The preparation of the book must have involved immense and original labour, for the volume in the former series by the late Keith Johnston has been entirely superseded. Mr. Keane is to be complimented on the manner in which he has discharged his task."—*Glasgow Herald*.

AUSTRALASIA: Vol. I., Australia and New Zealand. By A. R. WALLACE, LL.D., F.R.S. With 14 Maps and 69 Illustrations. 15s.

"A remarkably useful work, which exemplifies in a striking degree the higher ideal and wider range of information aimed at by modern geographers as compared with their predecessors of thirty or forty years ago."—*Times*.

AUSTRALASIA: Vol. II., Malaysia and the Pacific Archipelagoes. By F. H. H. GUILLEMARD, M.D. With 16 Maps and 47 Illustrations. 15s.

"Dr. Guillemard's volume is certainly the most interesting and accurate account extant on the tropical portion of the Eastern Archipelago."—*Nature*.

Other Volumes in Preparation.

LONDON: EDWARD STANFORD, 26 and 27 COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.
 Geographer to Her Majesty the Queen.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED. Price 5s.

MEMORIES OF A STUDENT.

By ALGERNON TAYLOR.

Author of "Convent Life in Italy," "An Autumn Tour in Guienne," &c.

"The book abounds with anecdotes, and the views expressed upon the subjects of philosophy and social politics, books, and reading, the moral aspect of vegetarianism, each form a chapter of absorbing interest to the general reader. The author seems to have been especially fortunate in his opportunities of intercourse with men of mark, and displays a style of narration which stamps him as a raconteur of exceptional felicity."—*Plymouth Daily Mercury*.

"They are a record of the experiences, moods, tastes, and employments of a thoughtful man, and extend over a considerable period of time."

Western Morning News.

PUBLISHED BY H. A. CROOK, PRINTER, CHUDLEIGH.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO.

THE CRUCIFIXION MYSTERY. A Review of the Great Charge against the Jews. By JOHN VICKERS. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The world's judgments, even when they receive a religious sanction, are not always just. Those directly accused in this case never had a chance to clear themselves before an impartial tribunal. Popular report fastened guilt on them when they were silent in their graves. Lord Beaconsfield contended that the Crucifixion was no crime, and many reasons are advanced here for believing that the Temple magistracy had no part in the transaction.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE, LONDON, EDINBURGH AND OXFORD.

Just Published, Crown 8vo, 8s. 6d.

DOGS FOR HOT CLIMATES. By VERA SHAW and Capt. M. H. HAYES. With Illustrations of the various Breeds.

Eighth Edition. 5s.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES, and other Verses, Ballads, and Satires of Anglo-Indian Life.

TRIBES ON MY FRONTIER. An Indian Naturalist's Foreign Policy. By E. H. A. Graphic and numerous descriptions of the Animal surroundings of an Indian Bungalow. 50 Illustrations. Fifth Edition, 8s. 6d.

BEHIND THE BUNGALOW. By E. H. A.

Humorous descriptions of the Native Servants who dwell behind the Bungalow. With 63 Character Sketches. Fourth Edition, imperial 16mo, 6s.

A NATURALIST ON THE PROWL. Excursions from an Indian Bungalow. By E. H. A. 75 Illustrations, 8s. 6d.

Ready in a Few Days.

ILLUSTRATED HORSEBREAKING. By

Capt. M. H. HAYES. Second Edition. Imperial 16mo. 21s. This edition has been entirely re-written, the letterpress about doubled, and 75 Photographs added.

MODERN POLO. By E. D. MILLER, late 17th

Lancers, edited by Capt. M. H. HAYES. With a large number of Instantaneous Photographs showing Points of the Game. Imperial 16mo, 12s. 6d.

A practical and exhaustive description of the Science of the Game and Duties of Players, Selection, Breaking, Training and Management of Ponies, Various Breeds of Ponies, in all parts of the World. Polo in India, Hurlingham, Indian and American Rules, &c. Forms a Complete Guide to the Game in a handsome volume.

VETERINARY NOTES FOR HORSE

OWNERS. An Illustrated Manual of Horse Medicine and Surgery, written in simple language by Capt. M. H. HAYES, F.R.C.V.S. Fifth Edition, crown 8vo.

Is revised throughout, considerably enlarged, and incorporates the substance of the Author's "Soundness and Age of Horses."

W. THACKER & CO., 87 NEWGATE STREET, LONDON,
 CALCUTTA: THACKER, SPINK & CO.

ELLIOT STOCK'S LIST OF NEW AND RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

In handsome 8vo, with many Illustrations, price 21s. net;
also Large-Paper Copies, £3 3s. net.

THE BOOK-HUNTER IN LONDON:

HISTORICAL AND PERSONAL STUDIES OF BOOK COLLECTORS AND BOOK COLLECTING.

Copiously illustrated by Portraits of Eminent Collectors in Ancient and Modern Times, by Sketches of Bookish Scenes and Localities, Eminent Booksellers and their Shops, Notable Characters, and by Facsimile Specimens of Printing, Binding, &c.

By WILLIAM ROBERTS, Author of "The Earlier History of English Bookselling," "Printers' Marks," &c.

CONTENTS.

EARLY BOOKHUNTING IN LONDON.
BOOK AUCTIONS AND SALES.
BOOK THIEVES AND BOOK LENDING.
BOOKHUNTING LOCALITIES.
WOMEN AS BOOK COLLECTORS.
CURIOSITIES OF BOOK CATALOGUES.
BOOKSTALLS AND BOOKSTALLING.
SOME MODERN COLLECTORS.

"A new and delightful volume about old books."—*Daily News*.

"A volume that is sure to find favour with bookhunters, and those with whom they have to do."—*Times*.

"This handsome volume appeals to book lovers in the technical sense of the term, but it is really a book which will be found delightful from beginning to end by the commonplace reader."—*Daily Chronicle*.

NEW NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES.

In crown 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth, 6s.

RUNIC ROCKS: a North Sea Idyl. By WILHELM JENSEN. Translated by MARIANNE E. SUCKLING. With a Preface by Professor G. FIELDER.

"The book will repay a lengthy study, and will be also interesting to the casual reader."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"Jensen's writing possesses great charm."—*Guardian*.

"The book displays real thought and power."—*National Observer*.

"An interesting example of modern German literature, well translated."

"A book quite out of the common."—*Speaker*.

"A book of great beauty and worth, which certainly takes a very high place in the imaginative literature of the present decade."—*Academy*.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

CARL WINTER'S DREAM. A Fairy Romance.

By PAUL BUTTMANN.

"Seldom have we read a book of fairy tales containing so much real merit as this little work."—*The Liberal*.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

THE DOWAGER LADY TREMAINE. By Mrs. J. B. ALLIOTT.

"It is pleasantly written and certainly has the merit of being unusual and interesting."—*Nottingham Daily Express*.

In crown 8vo, cheap edition, price 3s. 6d.

KILHEEN; A Study in Girl-Life. By E. O'CONNOR MORRIS.

"The author has a pleasant, easy style, and her study can be enjoyed."—*Morning Leader*.

"The character of the Irish girl and the life on the Irish estate are depicted with a certain freshness and with an intimate knowledge of the subject."—*Scotsman*.

NEW VOLUME OF VERSE.

In tasteful crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER, AND OTHER POEMS. By MATTHEW HUNT.

"A slender volume of finely-wrought and careful work."—*Scotsman*.

"This volume is well worth perusal."—*Whitehall Review*.

"Sweetly natural and exquisite in finish."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

NEW HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

Now ready, in three Volumes, crown 8vo, cloth, 1550 pp., 7s. 6d. each.

(The Volumes are sold separately.)

The Rise and Growth of the English Nation:

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO EPOCHS AND CRISES.

A HISTORY OF AND FOR THE PEOPLE.

By W. H. S. AUBREY, LL.D.

"Conceived in a popular spirit, yet with strict regard to the modern standards. The title is fully borne out. No want of colour in the descriptions."—*Daily News*.

"Readers will find especially useful the collection of facts on social development."—*Athenæum*.

"Dr. Aubrey has supplied a want. His method is undoubtedly the right one."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Lively enough and accurate enough."—*National Observer*.

ELLIOT STOCK, 62 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.
668

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON'S LIST

NEW WORKS.

JUST READY.

A MEMOIR OF FRANCES TROLLOPE. Author of "The Domestic Manners of the Americans," "The Widow Barnaby," &c., and Mother of Thomas Adolphus and Anthony Trollope. By her Daughter-in-Law, FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE. With Extracts from her Diaries and Letters, and with Two Portraits. In 2 vols., crown 8vo, 21s.

JUST READY.

THE KEELEYS: On the Stage and at Home. By WALTER GOODMAN. With Portraits and other Illustrations. In 1 vol., demy 8vo, 14s.

JUST READY.

AT THE COURT OF THE AMIR. By JOHN ALFRED GRAY, M.B., late Surgeon to His Highness the Amir of Afghanistan. With Portrait and Other Illustrations. In 1 vol., demy 8vo, 16s.

JUST READY.

ON THE TRACK OF THE MAIL COACH.

By F. E. BAINES, C.B., Author of "Forty Years at the Post Office," sometime Surveyor-General of Telegraphs, Assistant Secretary, and Inspector-General of Mails. In 1 vol., crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

NOW READY.

REMINISCENCES OF MRS. DE MORGAN.

To which are added Letters to and from her Husband, the late Augustus de Morgan. Edited by her Daughter, MARY A. DE MORGAN. In 1 vol., large crown 8vo, with Portrait, 8s. 6d.

NEW NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES AND BOOKSELLERS.

NOW READY.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF MR. TYRAWLEY.

By E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT. In 1 vol., crown 8vo, 6s.

NOW READY.

THE YELLOW WAVE. A Romance of the Asiatic Invasion of Australia. By KENNETH MACKAY, Author of "Out Back," &c. In 1 vol., crown 8vo, with illustrations, 6s.

NOW READY.

THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH. By CAPEL VANE. In 2 vols., crown 8vo.

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON ST.
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.

WARD & DOWNEY'S LIST.

NOW READY. By R. R. BELLOC.

IN A WALLED GARDEN. By Madame BESSIE RAYNER

BELLOC. 1 vol., crown 8vo, art linen, price 6s. Personal Recollections of George Eliot, Mary Howitt, Basil Montagu, Adelaide Procter, Mrs. Jameson, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Cardinal Manning, Mrs. Booth, &c.

"Very pleasantly written, and informing essays about people of whom one is glad to hear. Madame Belloc's brief and exact history with its appreciative criticisms, takes us over three generations."—*The Times*.

NOW READY. By K. S. MACQUOID.

HIS LAST CARD. A New Novel by KATHERINE S. MACQUOID, Author of "At an Old Chateau," &c. 1 vol., crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 6s.

NOW READY. By PAUL CUSHING.

THE SHEPHERDESS OF TREVA. A Novel, by PAUL CUSHING, Author of "The Blacksmith of Voe," &c. 3 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, price 15s. net.

"The tone throughout is pure and elevated, the manner of narration lively, and the peeps at club life, money lending, picture buying, scandal-mongering, and other matters, are exceedingly good reading."—*Scotsman*.

NOW READY. By ALAN ST. AUBYN.

THE BISHOP'S DELUSION. By ALAN ST. AUBYN, Author of "A Fellow of Trinity," &c. 1 vol., crown 8vo, limp cloth, 1s. 6d.; paper wrapper, 1s. Uniform with "The Mystery of Cloombur."

By RICHARD DOWLING.

BELOW BRIDGE. By RICHARD DOWLING, Author of "A Baffling Quest," &c. 3 vols., 15s. net.

By THEODORA ELSMLIE.

THE LITTLE LADY OF LAVENDER. By THEODORA ELSMLIE. With numerous Illustrations by EDITH SCANNELL and H. L. E. Second Edition, imperial 16mo, cloth, gilt, price 3s. 6d.

"Is one of the best stories intended for, or at least about, children that have appeared since 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' which indeed it recalls in tone. No sweeter, healthier, more humorous, or less maudlin story of this particular kind has ever been published."—*The Academy*.

By R. H. SHERARD.

JACOB NIEMAND. By ROBERT H. SHERARD. 1 vol., crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

"The story is essentially pathetic, but it is seldom lacking in animation, and there is abundance of light comedy to relieve the gravity."—*The Times*.

"There is not a page that drags. It is a good story from start to finish."—*The Queen*.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MARIONIS. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. 1 vol., crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 6s.

"Brilliantly written and full of exciting events. The interest of the story holds the reader to the very end."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

By E. C. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS.

THE REAL CHARLOTTE. By E. C. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS. A New Edition. 1 vol., crown 8vo, art canvas, price 6s.

"The Real Charlotte" is a real acquisition with fresh and original observations on Irish persons, places, and things, and humour of a singularly agreeable kind."—*The Athenæum*.

WARD & DOWNEY, LTD., 12 YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C.

Messrs. WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS'

NEW BOOKS.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED.

THE HISTORY OF THE FOREIGN POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

By MONTAGUE BURROWS, Chichele Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford; Captain, R.N.; F.S.A., &c.; "Officier de l'Instruction Publique," France; Author of "Commentaries on the History of England," &c. Demy 8vo, 12s.

THE EDINBURGH GIFFORD LECTURES, 1894-95.

FIRST SERIES.

PHILOSOPHY OF THEISM. By ALEXANDER

CAMPBELL FRASER, LL.D., Hon. D.C.L., Oxford; Emeritus Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

THIRD EDITION. AT ALL LIBRARIES.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE: a Biography.

By ANNA M. STODDART. With an Etching after Sir George Reid's Portrait of the Professor, and other Illustrations. 2 vols., demy 8vo, 21s.

FOURTH EDITION. NOW READY.

THE TABLE-TALK OF SHIRLEY. Reminis-

cences of and Letters from Froude, Thackeray, Disraeli, Browning, Rossetti, Kingsley, Baynes, Huxley, Tyndall, and others. By JOHN SKELTON, C.B., LL.D. Demy 8vo, with a Frontispiece, 7s. 6d.

NEXT WEEK WILL BE PUBLISHED.

UNDER CRESCENT AND STAR. By Lieut.-

Col. ANDREW HAGGARD, D.S.O., Author of "Dodo and I," "Tempest Torn," &c. With a Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A STRANGE CAREER.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOHN GLADWYN JEBB.

By His WIDOW. With an Introduction by H. RIDER HAGGARD. Cheap Edition. With Illustrations by John Wallace. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL'S NEW WORK.

POST MERIDIANA: Afternoon Essays. By

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., M.P., Author of "Meridiana: Noontide Essays," "Life of W. H. Smith," "A Duke of Britain," &c. Post 8vo, 6s.

ON 19th NOVEMBER WILL BE PUBLISHED.

DANIEL IN THE CRITICS' DEN. A Reply

to Dean Farrar's "Book of Daniel." By ROBERT ANDERSON, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law; Assistant Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis; Author of "The Coming Prince," "Human Destiny," &c. Small demy 8vo, 4s. 6d.

AT ALL LIBRARIES.

CHAPTERS IN AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE:

Sir Richard Church in Italy and Greece. By E. M. CHURCH. With Photogravure Portrait. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.

WITH PREFATORY NOTE BY S. R. CROCKETT.

THE ENTAIL; or, The Lairds of Grippy.

By JOHN GALT. A New Illustrated Edition, revised and edited by D. STORRAR MELDRUM. Illustrated by JOHN WALLACE. 2 vols., fcap. 8vo, price 3s. net each.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS,
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

A. & C. BLACK'S LIST.

JOHN KNOX. A Biography. By P. HUME BROWN. With plate Frontispieces and other Illustrations. In two volumes, demy 8vo, cloth, price 24s.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES: His Life and Works. By HENRY EDWARD WATTS. Uniform with "Don Quixote." A New Edition, revised and enlarged, with a complete Bibliography and Index. One volume, square crown 8vo, art canvas, price 7s. 6d.

THE PROPHETS OF ISRAEL AND THEIR PLACE IN HISTORY. By the late W. ROBERTSON SMITH, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. New Edition. With an Introduction by Professor T. K. CHEYNE, M.A., LL.D. Post 8vo, cloth, price 10s. 6d.

SOURCES OF THE APOSTOLIC CANONS. By Prof. ADOLF HARNACK. Translated by LEONARD A. WHEATLEY. With an Introductory Essay on the Organization of the Early Church and the Evolution of the Reader, by the Rev. JOHN OWEN, Author of "Evenings with the Sceptics." Demy 8vo, cloth, price 7s. 6d. net.

PLEA FOR A SIMPLER LIFE. By GEORGE S. KEITH, M.D., F.R.C.P.E. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 2s. 6d.

THE PROBLEM OF THE AGED POOR. By GEOFFREY DRAGE, M.P. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

MONEY AND MONETARY PROBLEMS. By J. SHIELD NICHOLSON, M.A., D.Sc., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Edinburgh. Third edition, crown 8vo, cloth, price 7s. 6d.

DYNAMICS. By P. G. TAIT, M.A., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 7s. 6d.

MILK: Its Nature and Composition. By C. M. AIKMAN, M.A., D.Sc. Crown 8vo, cloth, illustrated, price 3s. 6d.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF FUNGI. By M. C. COOKE, M.A., LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, illustrated, price 14s.

JULIAN HOME: A Tale of College Life. By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, Dean of Canterbury. Fourteenth Edition, with 10 full-page Illustrations by Stanley Berkeley. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, price 6s.

NOTES ON THE DISTRICT OF MENTEITH. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, paper covers, price 1s., cloth, price 2s.

O'SHEA'S GUIDE TO SPAIN AND PORTUGAL. Edited by JOHN LOMAS, and revised by him during a visit to the Peninsula this year. Tenth Edition, with Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 15s.

BRIGHTON AS I HAVE KNOWN IT. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Fcap. 8vo, paper covers, price 1s.

AN ISLE IN THE WATER. By KATHARINE TYNAN. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

DR. QUANTRILL'S EXPERIMENT. The Chronicle of a Second Marriage. By T. INGLIS. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

THE UNWRITTEN LAW. By BLANCHE LOFTUS TOTTENHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

THE VEIL OF LIBERTY: A Tale of the Girondins. By PÉRONNE. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

MORTON VERLOST. By MARGUERITE BRYANT. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

A MODERN CRUSADER. By SOPHIE F. F. VEITCH. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

A COMMONPLACE GIRL. By BLANCHE ATKINSON. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

JOHN DARKER. By AUBREY LEE. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

POSTE RESTANTE. By C. Y. HARGREAVES. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

STANDARD EDITION

OF THE

WAVERLEY NOVELS.

In Twenty-Five Monthly Volumes, crown 8vo, containing Photogravure Frontispieces printed on Japanese Paper, bound in art canvas, gilt top; price 2s. 6d. per Volume, or, in full limp leather, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d. per volume.

VOL. I. NOW READY.

A. & C. BLACK, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.'s List.

S. R. CROCKETT.**SWEETHEART TRAVELLERS: A Child's Book for Children, for Women, and for Men.**

By S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Raiders," &c. With numerous Illustrations by Gordon Browne and W. H. C. Groome. Fancy cloth boards, large crown 8vo, gilt top, 6s. Large Paper Edition, numbered and signed by Author and Artists. Net, 31s. 6d.

The trade have subscribed for the whole of the First Edition. A Second Edition is in the press.

GORDON BROWNE.**NATIONAL RHYMES OF THE NURSERY.**

With Preface by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. Pictures by Gordon Browne.

Large crown 8vo, fancy cloth boards, gilt top, 6s. Printed on superfine paper, with title in red and black.

This volume will be found to contain all the popular favourites, and is likely to prove a most acceptable gift to any family circle. A companion volume to Mr. Gordon Browne's popular edition of Grimm's Fairy Tales.

L. T. MEADE.**A PRINCESS OF THE GUTTER.**

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "The Medicine Lady," "A Young Mutineer," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s.

All interested in work in the East-End of London should read this book.

BISHOP OF DELAWARE.

"The general idea of the series is excellent."—*Guardian*.

"The scheme excites our interest."—*Saturday Review*.

THE NATIONAL CHURCHES.

Vol. VIII.—AMERICA.

By the Right Rev. LEIGHTON COLEMAN, S.T.D., LL.D., Bishop of Delaware, U.S.A.

With Maps, crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s.

CANON H. J. ELLISON.**SERMONS AND ADDRESSES ON TEMPERANCE SUBJECTS.**

By the Rev. HENRY J. ELLISON, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Hon. Canon of Canterbury, sometime Vicar of Windsor, late Chairman of the C.E.T.S.

384 pp. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 5s.

"Canon Ellison's words have the merit of going straight to the point. There is much gracefulness in his style; the plain facts are laid bare, and the conclusions drawn therefrom with resistless force."—*Ecclesiastical Gazette*.

"They are worthy of the man and his mission, and cannot fail to receive deep and prayerful consideration."—*Church Bells*.

CANON CARR.**LIFE AND TIMES OF ARCHBISHOP USSHER.**

By the Rev. J. A. CARR, LL.D.

With Portrait and a Plan of Dublin. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 10s. 6d.

"Dr. Carr's delineation of the career and character of Ussher is almost a model of what biography ought to be, such is its impartiality, its balance, and its pleasantness and freshness of narration. . . . It is impossible to take leave of Dr. Carr's admirable work without a word of hearty congratulation on the praiseworthy manner in which he has accomplished a difficult task."—*Morning Post*.

BISHOP OF MISSISSIPPI.**THE WORLD AND THE WRESTLERS.**

Personality and Responsibility.

By the Right Rev. H. M. THOMPSON, D.D., Bishop of Mississippi, Author of "The World and the Man," "The World and the Kingdom," &c.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

JAMES ADDERLEY.**THE NEW FLOREAT: a Letter to an Eton Boy on the Social Question.**

By the Rev. the Hon. JAMES ADDERLEY, M.A.

Fancy cover, 1s.; cloth bevelled boards, 1s. 6d. [Third Edition.

LOOKING UPWARD.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards.

[Shortly.

LAWRENCE AND BULLEN.

MASUCCIO. The Novellino of Masuccio. Now first translated by W. G. WATERS. With Eighteen full-page Illustrations by E. R. Hughes, R.W.S. 2 vols., imperial 8vo, £3 3s. net. [Shortly.

* One Thousand Numbered Copies printed for Great Britain and America. Also 210 Copies on Japanese Vellum with two additional Plates, £6 6s. net. A Prospectus, with Specimen Plate, will be sent on application.

THE WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Newly Collected and Edited, with a Memoir, Critical Introductions, and Notes, by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN and GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. The Illustrations by Albert Edward Sterner. 10 vols., crown 8vo, 50s. net. [Vols. I.-V. ready.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN; a Biography.

By R. NISBET BAIN. Illustrated. Royal 8vo, 16s.

GEORGE GISSING. THE UNCLASSED.

A Novel. Crown 8vo, 6s.

[Immediately.

UNDINE: a Romance. By FRIEDRICH DE LA MOTTE

FOUQUÉ. Translated by EDMUND GOSSE, with Illustrations by W. E. F. Britten. Fcap. 4to, 12s. 6d. net. [Ready.

THE GARDEN BEHIND THE MOON. A

Real Story of the Moon Angel. Written and Illustrated by HOWARD PYLE. Square 12mo, 6s. [Ready.

EXCURSIONS IN LIBRARIA: Retrospective

Reviews and Bibliographical Notes. By G. H. POWELL. With numerous Facsimiles. Small 4to, 6s. net. [Shortly.

CONTENTS:—The Philosophy of Rarity—A Gascon Tragedy—A Shelf of Old Story-Books—The Pirate's Paradise—A Medley of Memoirs—With Rabelais in Rome—The Wit of History.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. By THOMAS HOOD.

Illustrated by Herbert Railton, with an Introduction by AUSTIN DOBSON. Crown 8vo, price 6s. [Ready.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR, AND ALI BABA

AND THE FORTY THIEVES. Illustrated by William Strang and J. B. Clark. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. [Ready.

Uniform with the edition of the "Surprising Adventures of Baron Munchausen," illustrated by the same artists.

THE STORY OF BLUE BEARD, from the

French of PERRAULT. With Pictures and Ornaments by J. E. SOUTHAILL. 15mo, 2s. 6d. [Ready.

AMERICAN INDIAN FAIRY TALES. Illus-

trated. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. [Ready.

THE WAY OF A MAID. A Novel. By KATHERINE

TYNAN (Mrs. Hinkson). [In a few days.

THE BUSBY BICENTENARY.

MEMOIR OF RICHARD BUSBY, D.D., sometime Headmaster of Westminster School. With Portraits and Views. By G. F. R. BARKER. Royal 4to, £1 1s. net.

* The edition is strictly limited to 300 copies. [Ready.

LAWRENCE & BULLEN, 16 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON

Mr. Edward Arnold's New Books.

Now Ready at all Libraries and Booksellers.

STUDIES IN EARLY VICTORIAN LITERATURE. By FREDERICK HARRISON, M.A. Author of "The Choice of Books."

Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

"The subject is one of inexhaustible interest, and Mr. Harrison's style has a strong attraction of its own. In his studies in the earlier period he selects a few of our greatest names—Carlyle, Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Charles Kingsley, Trollope, and George Eliot. About these princes of literature he has given us a series of brilliant essays. Brilliant is the word that best describes them."—*Scotsman*.

THE ROMANCE OF PRINCE EUGENE: An

Idyll under Napoleon the First. From the French of ALBERT POLITZER. With numerous Photogravure Illustrations. Two Vols., demy 8vo, 21s.

MEMORIES OF MASHONALAND. By the

Right Rev. Bishop KNIGHT-BRUCE, formerly Bishop of Mashonaland. With Photogravure Frontispiece. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"This is an extremely interesting book. Most admirable and readable."—*Glasgow Herald*.

WAGNER'S HEROES: Tannhäuser, Parsi-

fal, Hans Sachs, Lohengrin. By CONSTANCE MAUD. Illustrated by H. Granville Fell. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"An excellent idea well carried out. Miss Maud has done for the Shakespeare of music what Charles Lamb once did for the real Shakespeare."—*Daily Telegraph*.

HOW DICK AND MOLLY WENT ROUND

THE WORLD. By M. CORNWALL LEIGH, Author of "My Dog Plato." With numerous Illustrations. Fcap. 4to, cloth, 5s.

CYCLING FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE.

By L. H. PORTER. Revised and Edited by F. W. SHORLAND, Amateur Champion 1892-3-4. Small 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

MR. M. H. HERVEY'S POPULAR BOOKS FOR BOYS.**ERIC THE ARCHER.** By

MAURICE H. HERVEY. With numerous full-page Illustrations. Handsomely bound. Gilt edges, 5s. "A fascinating boy's book."—*St. James's Gazette*.

THE REEF OF GOLD. By

MAURICE H. HERVEY. With numerous full-page Illustrations. Handsomely bound. Gilt edges, 5s. "A rattling boy's book."—*Independent*.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 37 BEDFORD STREET.
NEW YORK: 70 FIFTH AVENUE.

WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO.,

3 PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C., and 44 VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

THE SECOND JUNGLE BOOK. By RUD-
YARD KIPLING. With Illustrations by J. Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E.
Daily Chronicle.—"There is a beauty and power and an incomparable picturesque
force like no other man's in all these pages."

THE RELIEF OF CHITRAL. By Captain
G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, Queen's Own Corps of Guides, and Captain
FRANK E. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.I.E., Indian Staff Corps (late Political
Officer in Chitral). With Map and Illustrations. Third Thousand.
Times.—"British fortitude and native devotion have never been more splendidly
displayed; and seldom have these fine qualities and heroic deeds found worthier
record, vivid and inspiring and yet modest and temperate withal, than in the pages
of the brothers Younghusband."

CASA BRACCIO. A New Story, by F. MARION
CRAWFORD. In Two Volumes.

**A HISTORY OF THE SEVENTEENTH
LANCERS** (Duke of Cambridge's Own). By Hon. J. W. FORTESCUE.
Illustrated.

EVERSLEY SERIES.—NEW VOLUMES.
ESSAYS IN CRITICISM. By MATTHEW
ARNOLD. Second Series. Globe 8vo, 5s.

HISTORICAL ESSAYS. By the late J. B.
LIGHTFOOT, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Lord Bishop of Durham.

LORD TENNYSON'S WORKS.—THE PEOPLE'S EDITION.
Vols. I. and II.

Demy 16mo, 1s. net, cloth, and 1s. 6d. net, Persian, each volume.

JUVENILIA.
THE LADY OF SHALOTT and other Poems.
Black and White.—"An exquisite pocket edition."

THE RALSTONS. A Novel. By F. MARION
CRAWFORD.

**ERIC, PRINCE OF LORLONIA; or, the
Valley of Wishes.** A Fairy Tale of the Days of Chivalry. By the
COUNTESS OF JERSEY, Author of "Maurice, or the Red Jar." With
Illustrations by Alice R. Woodward.
Globe.—"Eric" is quite new and original, and worthy to be some day a
thumbed and torn and dearly loved possession."

THE CARVED LIONS. By Mrs. MOLES-
WORTH. Illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke.
St. James's Budget.—"The many admirers of Mrs. Molesworth's books will
welcome 'The Carved Lions.'"

ILLUSTRATED STANDARD NOVELS.—NEW VOLUME.
POPULAR TALES by MARIA EDGEWORTH.
Illustrated by Miss CHRIS. HAMMOND. With an Introduction by ANNE
THACKERAY RITCHIE. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S WORKS.—POCKET EDITION.
Pott 8vo, 1s. 6d. each volume.—Vol. VII.

HERWARD THE WAKE.
Bookman.—"An ideal edition. It has all the qualities which a popular issue
should, but rarely does, possess. It is small and light; the type is clear, the binding
tasteful, and, let us mention it gratefully, the pages are cut."

THREE-AND SIXPENNY SERIES.—NEW VOLUMES.—Crown 8vo.
KATHARINE LAUDERDALE. By F. MARION
CRAWFORD.

IN THE LION'S MOUTH: a Story of Two
English Children in France, 1789-1793. By ELEANOR C. PRICE,
Author of "A Lost Battle," &c.

**HISTORICAL OUTLINES OF ENGLISH
ACCIDENCE.** By the late Rev. RICHARD MORRIS, M.A., LL.D.
Revised by L. KELLNER, Ph.D., with the Assistance of HENRY
BRADLEY, M.A.

**THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF DEAN
CHURCH.** Edited by his Daughter, MARY C. CHURCH. With a
Preface by the Dean of Christ Church.

**THE ECCLESIASTICAL EXPANSION OF
ENGLAND IN THE GROWTH OF THE ANGLICAN COM-
MUNION.** The Hulsean Lectures of 1894-95. By ALFRED BARRY,
D.D., D.C.L., formerly Bishop of Sydney and Primate of Australia
and Tasmania.

**SOME THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIAN RE-
UNION.** Being Seven Addresses given during his Visitation in June,
1895. By W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Ripon.
PARNASSUS LIBRARY OF GREEK AND LATIN TEXTS.

Q. HORATI FLACCI OPERA. Edited by T.
E. PAGE, M.A. Fcap. 8vo, 5s. net.
(VIRGIL, edited by T. E. PAGE, M.A., and the ILIAD OF HOMER,
edited by WALTER LEAF, M.A., have already been published in this
Series at 6s. net. each.)

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.

NEW BOOK BY DEAN FARRAR.

GATHERING CLOUDS:

A Tale of the Days of St. Chrysostom.

By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D.,
Dean of Canterbury.

2 vols. 8vo, 28s.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

DARKNESS AND DAWN; or, the Scenes in the
Days of Nero: an Historic Tale. Seventeenth Thousand. 7s. 6d.

**THE LIFE OF JOSEPH WOLF, ANIMAL
PAINTER.** By A. H. PALMER, Author of "The Life of Samuel Palmer."
With 54 Plates and 13 Illustrations in the Text from some of Wolf's finest
Works and Studies of Animals. 8vo, 21s.

LONGMANS' GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD.
Edited by GEORGE G. CHISHOLM, M.A., B.Sc., Fellow of the Royal Geo-
graphical and Statistical Societies. In 1 vol., Imperial 8vo, pp. 1800, £2 2s.
in cloth; or £2 12s. 6d. in half-morocco.

"This magnificent volume of nearly two thousand quarto pages must have cost a
fortune, and almost endless labour to produce; and so far as we are able to test it,
the work has been thoroughly well done."—*Spectator*.

**TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN NORTHERN
QUEENSLAND.** By ARTHUR C. BICKNELL. With 24 Plates and 22 Illus-
trations in the text by J. B. Clarke from the Author's Sketches. 8vo, 15s.

**THE DEVELOPMENT OF PARLIAMENT
DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.** By G. LOWES DICKINSON,
M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Author of "Revolution and
Reaction in Modern France," &c. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

A SCHEME FOR IMPERIAL FEDERATION:
a Senate for the Empire. Three Articles reprinted, with Additions, from the
Westminster Review of April, July, and October, 1879. By GRANVILLE C.
CUNNINGHAM, of Montreal, Canada. With an Introduction by Sir FREDERICK
YOUNG, K.C.M.G. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

**FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE
METAPHYSIC OF ETHICS.** By IMMANUEL KANT. Translated by
THOMAS KINGSMILL ABBOTT, B.D., Litt.D., Fellow of Trinity College,
Dublin. (Extracted from "Kant's Critique of Practical Reason and other
Works on the Theory of Ethics.") Crown 8vo, 3s.

**THE INTELLECTUAL RISE IN ELECTRI-
CITY:** a History. By PARK BENJAMIN, Ph.D., LL.B., Member of the
American Institute of Electrical Engineers, Associate Member of the Society
of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, &c. With 23 Portraits and
Illustrations. 8vo, 21s.

JOSEPH, THE DREAMER. By ROBERT BIRD,
Author of "Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth." Crown 8vo, 5s.

THE ROMANCE OF THE WOODS. Reprinted
Articles and Sketches. By FRED. J. WHISHAW. Crown 8vo, 6s.

CONTENTS.—On a Russian Moor—In Ambush—Crawfish—A Finland Paradise—
Ducks in Ladoga—Bear's Point of View—Folk-lore of the Moujik—A Well-cursed
Bear—Among the Wood Goblins—Unbaptized Spirits—A Witch! A Witch!

POEMS. By JENNINGS CARMICHAEL (Mrs. FRANCIS
MULLIS). Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

JOSEPHINE CREWE: a Novel. By HELEN M.
BOULTON. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"The book is of the high-st literary merit, and some of the situations, of thrilling
interest, are dramatically and thoughtfully represented."—*Scotsman*.

HIS FATHER'S SON. A Novel of the New York
Stock Exchange. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. With 13 Illustrations. Crown
8vo, 6s.

"A picture of New York business life, drawn in hard, uncompromising lines,
is clear and impressive, and as a psychological study of the decadence which may
come upon two generations by an excessive worship of the almighty dollar, it
has a power that intensifies its interest (already strong) as a work of imagina-
tion."—*Scotsman*.

THE SNOW GARDEN, and other Fairy Tales for
Children. By ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH, Author of "St. Christopher, and
other Poems," &c. With 10 Illustrations by Trevor Haddoc. Crown 8vo, 5s.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., LONDON AND NEW YORK.

CHAPMAN & HALL'S NEW BOOKS.

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

THE WILD-FOWL AND SEA-FOWL OF GREAT BRITAIN. By A SON OF THE MARSHES. With full-page Illustrations by Bryan Hook. Demy 8vo, 14s. [Ready.]

MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

CRIMINALS I HAVE KNOWN. By Major GRIFFITHS. Author of "Chronicles of Newgate" and "Memorials of Millbank." Illustrated by John Gulich. Crown 8vo, 6s. [In a few days.]

SIDNEY WHITMAN.

TEUTON STUDIES: Personal Reminiscences of Count Von Moltke, Prince Bismarck, &c. By SIDNEY WHITMAN, Author of "Imperial Germany." Crown 8vo, 6s. [In a few days.]

CHARLES G. HARPER.

THE DOVER ROAD: Annals of an Ancient Turnpike. By CHARLES G. HARPER, Author of "The Portsmouth Road," &c. With Illustrations by the Author and others. Demy 8vo, 16s. [In a few days.]

T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

SOME OLD LOVE STORIES. By T. P. O'CONNOR. With a Portrait of the Author. Second Thousand. Crown 8vo, 5s.

The *Sketch* says: "Subtle and profoundly human."
The *Vanity Fair* says: "The volume is not to be dismissed in a few words as a well-written book. It is sympathetic; it seizes and photographs the dramatic incidents of men's lives, and it holds something of the strong personality and magnetism of the author."

HEDLEY PEEK AND C. E. BROCK.

NEMA, and Other Stories. By HEDLEY PEEK. Fully Illustrated by C. E. Brock, with a Photogravure Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s. [Ready this day.]

*A Large Paper Edition, containing Six full-page Photogravure Plates, 21s.

VIOLET HUNT.

A HARD WOMAN: a Story in Scenes. By VIOLET HUNT, Author of "The Maiden's Progress." Crown 8vo, 6s.

The *Daily Chronicle* says: "Miss Hunt has set at naught all the art conventions of fiction. Miss Hunt has proved herself to be one of the best writers of dialogue of our immediate day. The conversations in this book will enhance her already secure reputation. They are terse and pointed, and the points glitter. The inessential is ruthlessly disregarded. A volume wherein every page is readable."

The *Athenaeum* says: "This is an extremely clever work . . . wonderfully vivacious and sustained. . . No one can read it without keen pleasure."

The *World* says: "A masterpiece of its school."

W. H. MALLOCK.

THE HEART OF LIFE. By W. H. MALLOCK, Author of "A Human Document," &c. A New Edition in 1 volume. Crown 8vo, 6s. [In a few days.]

Black and White says: "W. H. Mallock's latest invariably marks an epoch in fiction. 'The Heart of Life' is a masterly piece of work, which amply fulfils the promise of its predecessors."

NEW EDITIONS.

MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

CHRONICLES OF NEWGATE. By Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS. A New and Cheaper Edition, with Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s. [In a few days.]

THE REV. H. N. HUTCHINSON.

EXTINCT MONSTERS. A Popular Account of some of the larger forms of Ancient Animal Life. By the Rev. H. N. HUTCHINSON, F.G.S. With numerous Illustrations by J. Smit and others. A Cheaper Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Crown 8vo, 6s. [Next week.]

THE REV. H. N. HUTCHINSON.

CREATURES OF OTHER DAYS. By the Rev. H. N. HUTCHINSON, F.G.S. With a Preface by Sir W. H. FLOWER, K.C.B., F.R.S., and numerous Illustrations by J. Smit and others. A Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s. [In a few days.]

W. L. COURTNEY.

CONSTRUCTIVE ETHICS: a Review of Modern Philosophy and its Three Stages of Interpretation, Criticism, and Reconstruction. By W. L. COURTNEY. A Cheaper Edition, with a new Preface by the Author. Uniform in size and style with the series of volumes by Samuel Laing and others. Demy 8vo, 3s. 6d. [Next week.]

R. O. C.

OFFICIAL HANDBOOK OF THE NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR COOKERY. Containing Lessons on Cookery, forming the Course of Instruction in the School. Compiled by "R. O. C." A new and cheaper edition. (Twenty-fourth Thousand.) Large crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. [Next week.]

CHAPMAN'S STORY SERIES OF INCIDENT, ACTION, AND ADVENTURE.

This Series comprises complete Novels and Volumes of Short Stories by popular writers, and will be issued at short intervals. The size of the Volumes is small, crown 8vo, of about 250 pages in length, and each will contain a Frontispiece by a well-known artist.

There are two styles of binding, with a Special Design on Covers by J. Walter West, viz.: In dark blue Paper Wrappers, 2s. 6d. each. In dark blue Cloth, gilt top, 3s. 6d. each.

THE LONG ARM. By MARY E. WILKINS, and other Detective Stories by GEO. IRA BRETT, ROY TELLETT, and Professor BRANDER-MATHEWS. With a Frontispiece by ADOLPH BIRKENRUTH. [Ready.]

The *St. James's Budget* says: "A rich feast."
The *Manchester Courier* says: "It would be difficult to find more admirably varied and thoroughly interesting detective stories."

The *Yorkshire Post* says: "They are clever, and, in their way, exciting, without the worse features of sensationalism."

IN A HOLLOW OF THE HILLS. By BRET HARTE. With a Frontispiece by St. May Fitzgerald. [This day.]

To be followed by

AT THE SIGN OF THE OSTRICH. By CHARLES JAMES, Author of "On Turnham Green." With a Frontispiece by Adolph Birkenruth. [In November.]

THE WHITE FEATHER. By OSWALD CRAWFURD. With a Frontispiece by Adolph Birkenruth.

Other Volumes in the Series by W. CLARK RUSSELL and other well-known writers will follow at short intervals.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE OF FICTION.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Will also form the December Number, and be

READY ON NOVEMBER 29.

It will be considerably enlarged beyond the size of the ordinary number, and will be

composed of

ELEVEN COMPLETE STORIES,

dealing with

Fantastic, Humorous, and Supernatural Aspects of Life,

AS FOLLOWS:

A SUPERNATURAL TALE. By I. ZANGWILL.

A STORY OF HUMOROUS SURPRISE. By W. L. ALDEN.

A GHOST STORY. By VIOLET HUNT.

TWO FANTASTIC LEGENDS. By JOSEPH STRANGE.

THE TELLING OF A MYSTERY. By ARTHUR MACHEN.

A FAIRY TALE. By LEONARD ASHTON.

THE HISTORY OF A STRANGE MURDER. By M. P. SHIEL.

A CONVERSATION IN THE NETHER WORLD. By the AUTHOR of "BETHIA HARDACRE."

A STORY OF THE UNKNOWN WORLD. By MRS. B. M. CROCKER.

A STORY OF MORAL TRANSFORMATION. By MRS. VERE CAMPBELL.

A STORY OF PURE HUMOUR. By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S WORKS.

THE LIBRARY EDITION.

In 34 volumes, demy 8vo, blue cloth, £15 3s.

Separate volumes, 9s. and 7s. 6d. each.

THE ASHBURTON EDITION.

In 20 volumes, demy 8vo, red cloth, £8. Separate volumes 8s. each.

THE HALF-CROWN EDITION.

In 20 volumes, crown 8vo, green cloth, £2 10s. Separate volumes, 2s. 6d. each.

THE PEOPLE'S EDITION.

In 37 volumes, small crown 8vo, red cloth, 37s. Separate volumes, 1s. each. 3

In sets of 37 volumes bound in 18, 37s.

CHARLES DICKENS'S WORKS.

THE ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION.

In 30 volumes, demy 8vo, green cloth, with Original Illustrations, £15.

Separate volumes, 10s. each.

THE LIBRARY EDITION.

In 30 volumes, post 8vo, red cloth, with all the Original Illustrations, £12.

Separate volumes, 8s. each.

THE CROWN EDITION.

In 17 volumes, large crown 8vo, maroon cloth, Original Illustrations, £4 5s.

Separate volumes, 5s. each.

THE HALF-CROWN EDITION.

In 21 volumes, crown 8vo, blue cloth, Original Illustrations, £2 12s. 6d.

Separate volumes, 2s. 6d. each.

THE PICTORIAL EDITION.

In 17 volumes, with over 900 Illustrations, royal 8vo, red cloth, £2 19s. 6d.

Separate volumes, 3s. 6d.

THE CABINET EDITION.

In 32 volumes, small fcap. 8vo, £2 8s. Separate volumes, 1s. 6s. each.

CHAPMAN & HALL'S GENERAL CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

Arranged under authors' names and according to their prices, and including all the

NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS,

IS NOW READY,

AND WILL BE FORWARDED POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD., LONDON.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietor by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO., 14 Tavistock Street, and Published by ALFRED CUTHBERT DAVIES at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 16 November, 1895.